JUVENILE
INDISCRETIONS.

A NOVEL.

VOL. V.

JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, or the WELCH HEIRESS.

Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

POPE'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

VOL. V.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL STREET.

MDCCLXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Juvenile Indiſcretions.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Stability of the Paſſion of Love in the Heart of a Woman of Letters, with a Variation only of the Object.

THE plan of operations for an attack on the heart of a woman of letters being fully agreed to by Mr. Gregory and his nephew, about twelve at noon the Doctor having received a ſummons to attend his patient, ſet out with a wig remarkably well powdered, the head of his cane freſh bruſhed, and all the appurtenances which formerly diſtinguiſhed the ſons of Galen in the metropolis, and which ſtill continues to have that effect in the diſtant parts of the kingdom, in high order, ac-

companied by Lieutenant Downe in a new ſcowered ſuit of militia regimentals, a ſmart cocked hat, his cockade freſh ſtiffened with ſmall beer, a good leg and large buckles, with broad ſhoulders and full chitterline; and thus accoutred they entered Ether Manor.

The Doctor made a thouſand apologies for taking the liberty of introducing his nephew; who, he told Mr. Franklin, was juſt returned from the wars.

Little did Mr. Downe think how well Mr. Franklin knew *his* honorable conduct at Ether; he was perfectly well acquainted with his martial abilities, and his talents for gallantry was exemplified in the caſe of Miſs Orthodox, and taking him all in all, his character was too glaring for the modeſt approbation of ſuch a man as Mr. Franklin. He had, nevertheleſs, as I have before obſerved, an indolence of ſentiment, that except brought into action by benevolence, often ſuffered him to remain a ſilent, inactive ſpectator, where the ſame opinions would have called forth the indig-

nation of a perſon of more vivacity; cool, but not rude, therefore, was his reception of Downe—not ſo the lady; her ideas, a vaſt deal more reconciled to the male part of the creation, particularly the younger ones, than they had been, rendered her more polite; and the doctor, on one hand, blending the phyſical advantage of connubial connections, with lamentations at the ravage that ſickneſs had already made in her charming complexion; and his nephew, on the other, plying her with delicate flattery, and well-timed compliments, both on her perſon and underſtanding, gave wings to the hours, and hilarity to her features, a preſſing invitation was given, and accepted, to dine—and Doctor Orthodox had again the extreme mortification of ſeeing the ſmiles of his pupil paſs from him to a younger object.

This ſudden and viſible partiality did not eſcape the obſervation of Mr. Franklin, but, deeply wounded as he knew his ſiſter had ſo lately been, by the charms of one young man, he could have no ſuſpi-

cions it was poſſible ſhe would ſo ſoon ſuffer another to ſupplant him; he was rather pleaſed, than otherwiſe, to ſee her natural good humour returning.

The gloom Dellmore's rejection ſpread on Miſs Franklin's countenance, extended its baneful influence over the whole houſe, from the maſter to the ſtable-boy, and the real unaffected gentleneſs of heart in Mr. Franklin, had ſuffered inexpreſſibly from the moment his ſiſter loſt both her peace and good nature; he was therefore ſo exceedingly pleaſed at the effect this viſit had on her, that the coolneſs of his firſt reception inſenſibly wore off, and every face at the table beamed with pleaſure, except that of Doctor Orthodox.

Mr. Franklin, I have ſaid, had no ſuſpicion of a freſh attachment in his ſiſter, it was a proof of weakneſs and degeneracy, nothing in his own heart could point out, but with Mr. Orthodox it was another matter in *his*, he learnt ſuch a thing was more than poſſible, it was probable.

From the moment he found his pupil began

began to make the human being her ſtudy, he lamented he could not, from his engagement, be the object of it himſelf, and prepoſterous as well as unlikely as it was, he fondly built on two things equally out of his reach, namely, burying Mrs. Orthodox, and marrying Miſs Franklin; if, therefore, when that lady ſuffered her eyes to be arreſted by any of the Captain's all-powerful attractions, he had been poſſeſſed of the baſiliſk's power, a ſpeedy end would have been put to the hero's triumph, as it was, as vengeance on the object of his ire was denied him, he had recourſe to one uſual, and to him one very unuſual method of ſhewing his diſguſt; the firſt was, offering every poſſible ſlight and ſign of diſlike to Downe, contradicting and thwarting all he ſaid; and, the other, letting inward vexation ſpoil his appetite—the hunting pudding, tho' of the beautifulleſt yellow-brown colour ever ſeen, he did not taſte.

Captain Marſh was preſent, *he* ſoon underſtood how matters were to go, and

knowing how iraſcible Miſs Franklin had been in his affair, rejoiced in the proſpect of retaliation, as well as in the hopes of payment of ſome trifling debts of honor due to him from Downe.

From this period Doctor Gregory and his nephew became frequent viſitors at the Manor; and exerciſe being a part of the Doctor's preſcription, Miſs Franklin often rode out, attended only by Mat, and condeſcended to call in thoſe excurſions ſome times on old Downe, and oftener at Dr. Gregory's, when Downe had the honour of attending, and as the old man ſaid, making things agreeable to their kind viſitor.

Mrs. Hudſon ſoon became acquainted with this matter, but though ſhe might entertain the 'Squire at his morning's whet, with many ſort of ſubjects, the frailties of his ſiſter were of too delicate a nature for her to venture on, and his known affection and reſpect for her, likewiſe kept his village acquaintance ſilent on the ſubject. Mr. Cadogan had, now Dellmore was gone, and the Manor ſubject to gueſts very little to

his

his goût, few opportunities of private converſation with the 'Squire, and little inclination to diſturb the peace of his family; in a ſhort time, however, the affair was paſt a whiſper, for Miſs Franklin ſet off to London, attended by Mat, and eſcorted by Mr. Downe, from whence ſhe wrote to her brother, under the ſignature of his affectionate ſiſter—Mary Downe.

The effect this amazing ſtroke had on Mr. Franklin, can only be conceived by a heart equally virtuous, and equally affectionate; he knew the libertine turn of Downe, he was certain he could be influenced but by one motive, to marry a woman old enough to be his mother—he felt, therefore, the ſtrongeſt concern at the tie there now was on him, to receive into his family a man he deſpiſed: but as he abounded in wealth, and as Mr. Downe had given ſuch inconteſtible proof how ardently he deſired to attain it, Mr. Franklin comforted himſelf in the certainty of keeping him in tolerable order, by the deſire he had evinced of becoming heir to

the Manor, but though this was a point ſettled without the help of logic, it was not ſo eaſy to reconcile the conduct of his ſiſter, to reaſon, female delicacy, or fraternal affection—diſguſt at her headſtrong paſſions, and reſentment at her ingratitude, were at firſt too ſtrong for the harmonized diſpoſition of a virtuous placid man; but Mr. Cadogan, to whom he again applied for conſolation, exerted that influence over him, his own forgiving nature forcibly ſeconded, he pardoned the offence and received the offenders to his favour, who ſoon returned in triumph to the Manor. Mat, however, who had accepted the poſt of her attendant to London, in a fit of impatience at his diſappointment, in not hearing from Henry, not chuſing to immure his bright parts again in obſcurity, ſtaid in London, where, having ſpent all his money, he was obliged, as I have related, to take up his abode with Lavinia.

This unpleaſing and mortifying occurrence, renewed in Mr. Franklin's mind all the affection he had felt for Henry, and

the

the time that had elapſed ſince he left the Manor, appeared on the retroſpect a moſt tedious interval; he had contented himſelf with general enquiries of his acquaintance, and comforted himſelf under the diſappointment at not hearing of, or from him, by hoping to ſee his ſiſter's tranquillity reſtored, and that when reaſon ſhould reſume its ſway over her mind, ſhe would then coincide in his opinion of her error, and join him in the wiſh to recover the fugitive.

All hopes of future happineſs with her was now at an end, ſhe had rendered herſelf more conſpicuouſly ridiculous by her pretenſions to immaculate wiſdom, ſhe was become an object of contempt to the world, and there were times when her fond brother viewed her with diſguſt; but he yet felt ſo much ſolicitude for her peace, that he took care to gratify her huſband's paſſion for money, by making him continual preſents; and his pride, by giving him conſequence at the Manor; but as his own private gratifications were not now at Ether, he conceived himſelf juſtified in taking

every poſſible ſtep to poach them elſewhere, and his veins again reverted to their firſt favoured object, which was that of uniting Henry Dellmore and Clara Elton; to that was ſubjoined another equally as ſtrong, which originated in the diſguſt he could not help feeling towards his preſent companions at Ether—to end his days with his young favourites.

It was about this time that Mr. Franklin received the firſt letter from Mr. Burgeſs, reſpecting the ineligibility of Clara's ſituation, he was by no means pleaſed with her reſidence at Eaſt-Sheen, but, mean as his opinion was of Mrs. Napper, as mere imprudencies in giving into parties of pleaſure, in company more ſuitable to her own rank, than that of Miſs Elton's, was the principal charge alledged againſt her, he could not help allowing, ſhe was yet a more proper guardian for a girl of eighteen, than a woman who had forfeited all claim to a prudent character, in acting as Mrs. Downe had done, and having no other aſylum to offer, had very ſlightly hinted

his

his diſlike of the governeſs, and rather left it to her choice than inſiſted on her coming to Ether.

But a ſecond letter from Mr. Burgeſs, who had, by ſome means, heard of Mrs. Napper's arreſt, rouſed him into a peremptory deſign of removing her; but, as Miſs Perkins informed our hero, he was ſeized with a fit of the gout that prevented his fetching her at the appointed time, and when he was recovered ſufficiently to travel, Miſs Elton had ſet out on a different rout; a third letter from Mr. Burgeſs arrived, at the moment he was reading in the newspaper the paragraph that ſo affected our hero, and Mr. Cadogan having, at the ſame time received his appointment from Captain Manly, they ſet out the ſame morning on their different routs.

The 'Squire was grieved to his ſoul for the occaſion that called him from Ether, although the Manor was by this time become ſo hateful to him, that he had engaged Mrs. Cadogan, with her huſband's conſent, to accompany him in an excur

ſion he meant to have taken to Bath, as companion to his young ward.

Miſs Franklin's vaſt and refined ideas of the rapture and felicity of the marriage ſtate, received a moſt mortifying ſet down, long before that period was expired, which is commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of the honey-moon, in the indifference of her young huſband, who, on his part, conceiving himſelf undoubted heir to Ether, and its hereditaments, aſſumed an authority which coſt Mr. Franklin ſo much pains to oppoſe, that he at laſt left the uſurper maſter of the field, and contented himſelf with being third in command in his own houſe. Doctor Orthodox, having been informed by his wife, in her anger, at Downe's marriage, of the ruin of his daughter by that gentleman, told it immediately to Mrs. Downe; who, fired with jealouſy, reproached her huſband with his libertine actions, and he forbid the Doctor the Manor; as ſoon as the 'Squire ſet out for London, thus perforce obliged to content himſelf with ſtaying at home, he wreaked

wreaked his inceſſant ill-humour on his wife. Mrs. Hudſon having loſt the 'Squire, became leſs communicative, and more ſcurrilous. Captain Marſh left his wife, and Mr. Cadogan left the village of Ether.

CHAPTER L.

Return to England with a new Acquaintance.

THIS hiſtory, which Mr. Cadogan furniſhed our hero with, partly from his own knowledge, and partly from good authority, gave riſe to a variety of ideas. Poor Clara! her elopement was confirmed; well, he had nothing but his prayers, and thoſe ſhould be for her. As to Lavinia, the dupe he now found he had been to her artifices, gave him no ſort of concern, all that he now regretted, on her account, was, that the diſcovery was made to him of her infamy, at a period, when the only advantage he would have made of his liberty

was

was for ever loſt. Mr. Cadogan joined him in deploring his misfortune of loſing Clara, but as that was an event no regret could now recall, he adviſed him to look forward to the happineſs actually in his power to enjoy, aſſured him of Mr. Franklin's continued affection, ſaid he knew he would be received with open arms, and declared the 'Squire had repeatedly told him, he meant to leave him the bulk of his fortune. There are, my dear Sir, ſaid the good man, two indiſpenſible reaſons why you ſhould return to England by the firſt opportunity, one of them I have juſt acquainted you with, the other, and a far more forcible one, I know it will be to you, than your own intereſt, is, that Mr. Franklin vexed with his ſiſter, diſappointed in his ward, and uneaſy at the place where he delighted to diffuſe happineſs to all around him, ſtands in need of conſolation; your attendance on him will probably prolong his valuable life.

Henry's heart bounded at the thought, even Clara was forgot in the ſeducing proſ-

pect,

pect.—What *he*, the diſcarded, unfortunate Henry, might *he* be admitted to add to the felicity of his benefactor, his friend! Were then his prayers heard; oh, he was impatient to throw himſelf at his feet.

Captain Manly coincided in opinion, that he ought to return to England by the very firſt conveyance, and it was agreed, the wind being unfavourable for them to to touch at the Madeiras, as they intended to have done, he ſhould go on board the firſt homeward bound ſail, they fell in with.

Theſe were new and elevated proſpects for our hero—in deſpair and anguiſh he quitted his native ſhore, for a cauſe that left him hopeleſs, and his griefs were increaſed by the poverty and diſtreſs to which he was expoſed; theſe were now, he had reaſon to believe, vaniſhed; affluence, friendſhip, protection, and favour waited but to be claimed, yet but two days back he was ungratefully ruſhing into eternity, to the preſence of that Being who had preſerved him in his orphan ſtate, and guided

him

him to the arms of Charity and Benevolence, overwhelmed with ſhame and contrition, he haſtily returned from the ſtate-room to his own cabin, and proſtrated himſelf before that God whom he knew he had offended, and then returned to enjoy the ſweet delight he had ſo long been a ſtranger to, the ſociety of a virtuous man, who loved him.

Captain Manly furniſhed him from his own wardrobe with clothes, and gave him a letter of credit on his agent; money, we have informed our readers, he had not, nor will they ſuſpect the parſon of being over-burthened with gold or ſilver.

But the reſolution to return to England was eaſier formed than put in execution, for Captain Manly being ſent out with particular diſpatches, and the wind being favourable, he continued his courſe without falling in with a ſingle ſail bound to England, and it was two months before they anchored at St. Helena.

From thence, however, he had a proſpect of getting home, as three of the Eaſt-India

India Company's ſhips were there on their way to England, in one of which he took his paſſage, having taken leave of the friendly captain, and being charged with a thouſand fond remembrances from Cadogan to his wife. They both adviſed him, as he was known by the name of Conway on board the ſhip, to defer reſuming his own till his return to England. They parted with mutual regret, and he ſaw them ſet ſail the ſame day he himſelf went on board the homeward-bound Indiaman.

He found this ſhip carried many paſſengers to Europe, who had been ſo fortunate as to accumulate riches in the Eaſt, and among the reſt a Mrs. Neſbit, who it ſtruck him (Mr. Benwel having told him her name) might be the ſiſter of Montgomery, and he impatiently waited her coming on board.

The ſhip was detained, from one cauſe and another, ſix weeks after the Britiſh fleet ſailed; and Mrs. Neſbit being in an ill ſtate of health, he had not the opportunity he ſo eagerly deſired of ſeeing her, till they

they were weighing anchor, when that lady made her appearance.

Henry tried in vain to trace a likeneſs in her countenance to his friend; indeed Mrs. Neſbit's ſickneſs was a viſible diſguiſe to her features, as ſhe appeared, although thoſe were regular, a very plain woman; ſhe was very tall, thin and yellow, and exceſſively marked with the ſmall-pox; whether from a conſciouſneſs of her immenſe wealth, or any other cauſe, ſhe had a haughty reſerve in her manner, that was very diſguſting to a by-ſtander; ſhe retired to her cabin ſcarce taking notice of her fellow voyagers, and her indiſpoſition continuing, Henry did not gain a ſecond ſight of her ſeveral days, nor indeed was he very deſirous of cultivating the acquaintance of a woman, whoſe pride, or whoſe ill diſpoſition, rendered her an object of diſlike to all the reſt of the paſſengers.

He was, however walking under the awning one evening, when ſhe condeſcended to go on deck; and preſently unexpectedly joined him, the politeneſs of her addreſs,

dreſs, and good ſenſe of her converſation, ſurpriſed him the more, as her forbidding manner had given him an impreſſion ſo extremely oppoſite to the diſpoſition ſhe now diſcovered.

She underſtood his trip had been very ſhort, and aſked him various queſtions of England, and, among other names, enquired if he knew that of Benwell?

Being now convinced ſhe was the Mrs. Neſbit, who was ſiſter to his friend, he anſwered her queſtion by another; did ſhe know that of Montgomery?

The ſmile which accompanied this queſtion was changed to a look of aſtoniſhment, at the effect it had on the lady to whom it was addreſſed.

Mrs. Neſbit's complexion was not the moſt favourable to exhibit female bluſhes, but it nevertheleſs diſcloſed the diſturbance in her mind, as ſhe, faultering, aſked Henry if he knew her?

The agitation viſible in her whole frame, and the tremor of her voice encreaſed his ſurpriſe;

ſurpriſe; ſo that without knowing why, he became nearly as much agitated as herſelf.

He anſwered he did not, but that an accident had made him acquainted with the enquiries of a Mrs. Neſbit, after a particular friend of his, a Mr. Montgomery, and as Mr. Benwell was the agent in theſe enquiries, he concluded ſhe was the lady, he begged pardon if he was miſtaken, and if he was not, hoped he had not offended her by the liberty he had taken.

At this her countenance brightened up; ſhe acknowledged he was right in his conjectures, and heard the character of her brother, which the goodneſs of Henry's own heart painted in a moſt amiable light, with extreme ſatisfaction; the manner in which they met had ſomething very ſingular in it, and Mrs. Neſbit expreſſed great pleaſure in the acquaintance of ſo warm a friend of her neareſt relation.

From this time Mr. Conway was Mrs. Neſbit's conſtant companion, frequently would that lady fix her eyes on him with a peculiar earneſtneſs, and interrogate him reſpecting

reſpecting his family connections; again Henry curſed his aſſumed name, it was continually plunging him into difficulties; without recounting every particular of his life he could not acknowledge it *was* aſſumed, and the more he ſaw of the world, the greater ſhame he felt at recollection of the baſe purpoſes for which he had been adopted by Mrs. Dellmore.

He was now entering on his twenty-third year; the inconſiderate conduct that firſt involved him in difficulties (though the guilt of ſeduction was removed from his mind) pointed out the real evil of immorality by the ſubſequent diſtreſſes, and mortification which ſucceeded his firſt deviation from honour; he felt it the more poignantly as he found he had, by thoſe means, loſt the amiable girl, on whom, notwithſtanding the ſtep ſhe had taken, he yet doated.

The early impreſſions he had imbibed for Clara, in the days of childhood, would have evaporated perhaps, but the time ſhe ſpent at Ether, the recollection of her engaging

gaging ſweetneſs, the delicacy and ſimplicity of her attachment to him, which he always thought of with grief and regret, the beauty of her perſon, the gentleneſs of her manners, could all ſtand the teſt of cool diſpaſſionate reaſon, and ever left a gloom on his mind which it was very difficult to remove.

Severe fits of melancholy accompanied the idea, that ſhe was not only loſt to him, but miſerably united to a man unworthy of her; in company he was often abſent, and out of it wretched; the chearfulneſs of his natural diſpoſition, the hilarity of his countenance were ſeldom ſeen to advantage, nor had his complexion recovered its bloom: yet his new friend grew more and more partial to him, notwithſtanding thoſe diſadvantages, ſhe was indeed ſcarce ever eaſy out of his company.

The pride and reſerve of Mrs. Neſbit's character occaſioned remarks from the other paſſengers on this great condeſcenſion, little to her advantage; indeed a woman, at her time of life, taking a violent liking to a young

young fellow was not ſo ſtrange a thing now to Henry himſelf, as when Miſs Franklin firſt made him overtures of a tender paſſion.

But whatever appearances might ſay, Mrs. Neſbit was innocent of an improper wiſh towards Henry, ſhe certainly liked his company, approved his converſation, and thought his perſon a very handſome one, but the ſcenes of life through which *ſhe* had paſſed, had effectually conquered *her* paſſions, and the reſerve and pride of which ſhe was accuſed, were merely the reſult of habit.

She had lived remarkably private and retired, during Mr. Neſbit's life-time, never mixing in the amuſements, ſhew, or ſplendor ſo captivating to the ladies of the Eaſt, nor did his death make any alteration in that part of her conduct.

She was left a very rich widow, too old ſhe ſaid, to play the fool, and too young to be wholly engroſſed by a love of riches; ſhe told Henry ſhe was returning to England in queſt of her relations, and of ſome

other

other perſons, who had juſt claims on her affluence, out of her own family.

There were debts, and ſhe acknowledged to owe them, more binding than pecuniary obligations, which ſhe muſt diſcharge before ſhe could look round the world and enjoy her independence.

This hint drew an obſervation from our hero, that real felicity was out of the reach of purchaſe.

The ſigh which accompanied the obſervation was echoed by Mrs. Neſbit, who added, ſhe knew of no felicity ſuperior to conſcious innocence, nor any miſery equal to the anguiſh of conſcious guilt.

A ſtarting and involuntary tear proved her feelings were unaffected, and Henry very readily owned, thoſe were the two criterions of mortal happineſs and miſery; his heart reproached him for forfeiting, by his own imprudence, all his peace, nor did that of the lady ſpeak very differently to her.

As they drew nearer the part of their deſtination, Henry began to think of the manner

manner in which he ſhould return to Mr. Franklin, and rummaging his memorandums found Janet's letter which he ſhewed Mrs. Neſbit; the inſtant ſhe beheld the name, and heard Janet was yet in exiſtence, ſhe threw herſelf, in a tranſport of joy, on her knees.

"God be praiſed, bleſſed be the Almighty," cried ſhe, tears flowing down her cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Conway, you know not of what importance to my eternal welfare that poor old creature is; all that I can call my own, all the wealth I am miſtreſs of would I have given to know ſhe yet lived; from the firſt place we touch at I will now go to Dublin. Oh, I little thought when you named M'Dougal it was my old Janet! Amiable young man; ſure Providence now guides my ſteps after ſo many years, *now* my penitence will be accepted, *now* I ſhall make atonement, and *now* I ſhall be ſuffered to expire in peace.

Henry ſtood aghaſt; he had a high opinion of Mrs. Neſbit, her underſtanding was above mediocrity, her ſentiments re-

fined, and her manners always marked with ſtrict propriety, but her own mouth condemned her—what could thoſe crimes be that ſo many years hung heavy on her heart which required ſuch atonement? He viewed her with aſtoniſhment!

Something more compoſed, ſhe added, "you wonder, Mr. Conway, at what you hear; I think I can ſee you are not ready to believe me a very guilty creature; ſome time or other I may muſter reſolution to give you a hiſtory of my unfortunate life; I have been very culpable, you think me an oddity, the world thinks ſo too." "Oh," continued ſhe, laying her hand to her heart, "*here it is*, here the myſtery lies, could I clear up, could I expoſe to view all that is here, I ſhould begin to live."

Although curioſity was not Henry's foible, he had, in this inſtance, his ſhare of it; but Mrs. Neſbit's exertions of ſpirit, and the violence of her emotions brought on faintings, and thoſe were ſucceeded by that general relaxation of nerves ſhe was ſubject to, which prevented its being gratified,

fied, and they arrived in the Downs before he again ſaw her.

Moſt of the paſſengers, eager to get on Engliſh ground, were in a hurry to land; among thoſe was Henry; he however ſent to aſk permiſſion perſonally to offer any ſervice in his power to the lady.

She received him with great profeſſions of regard, aſked delicately if his circumſtances ſtood in aid of friendſhip, if ſo, her purſe was at his ſervice.

Henry modeſtly declined any pecuniary favours, but added, her acquaintance was an honour he ſhould give up with great regret.

Tears filled her eyes—"Give me your addreſs, Sir—if my fate will ſuffer me to appear in England, you will ſee me, if not, I will write to you, you ſhall be acquainted with the hiſtory of a woman who will cheriſh the remembrance of the time ſhe has ſo agreeably beguiled in your ſociety, as long as ſhe exiſts. I have now hired a pacquet; I proceed directly to

Ireland, if I return"—ſhe pauſed—"but where is your addreſs?"

Henry was very much embarraſſed at this queſtion, he could not certainly ſay how he ſhould be diſpoſed of; but after a moment's recollection, concluding he ſhould be at Ether with Mr. Franklin, or that that gentleman would know his addreſs, he wrote Ether Manor, Devonſhire, on a ſlip of paper, and the pacquet which the captain engaged for her coming alongſide at that inſtant, he aſſiſted Mrs. Neſbit and her attendants in their removal from the ſhip; and then, with the other paſſengers, reached Deal and thence to London the ſame evening.

CHAPTER LI.

Plenty of old Acquaintances, but a great Scarcity of Friends.

IT was about five o'clock in the evening when Henry was ſet down at his old lodgings, the Golden Croſs; he had, as he ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed from cold, a little head-ach, and a faint reſtleſſneſs about him, which if he had acted prudently would have induced him to have gone immediately to reſt—But who, on their firſt return to their native country, after having been abſent from it, could do that? Not Henry Dellmore; Mr. Franklin might poſſibly be in London, he might be that very night received to his affections and friendſhip, and how could he devote to ſleep an hour that might be ſo delightfully employed.

He diſpatched a meſſenger to Great St. Helens, to enquire if Mr. Franklin was in town, who returned with a verbal anſwer (not one of that family being at home) that he was not, nor did they know when he was expected.

As thoſe circumſtances which had induced Henry to change his name were now entirely altered, and as the kindneſs ſhewn him by Mr. and Mrs. Burgeſs was conſtantly in his mind, he formed a reſolution of going to Clapham in his real

character, the next morning, and the evenings being (as it was then winter) too long for a young man to think of paſſing them alone, he ordered a chicken for ſupper, and though much indiſpoſed then went to the play, and, for the firſt time in his life, ſeated himſelf in the pit; at the end of the act, on looking round the houſe, he recognized his old acquaintance Mr. Peter Martin.

Henry had too much good ſenſe himſelf, and too juſt an eſtimation of it in others, to feel any particular regard for a perſon of Mr. Martin's turn of mind, but he was a ſomebody he was acquainted with; and there is that inexpreſſible affection, that deſire for ſociety implanted in the human breaſt, which, among ſtrangers, renders a rencounter with the moſt deſpicable beings we remember to have known, in ſome degree pleaſing.

Henry was under no apprehenſion of ever being again in want of money, the change, therefore, from pit to boxes was a matter of trifling import to him; on that account

account indeed I muſt confeſs he was ſeldom ſo attentive to pecuniary affairs as prudence required, as all his acquaintance, and Mr. Martin, in particular, could with great truth declare.

At the end of the ſecond act he had made his way into the box where Martin was, and was advancing to him with equal warmth and familiarity, when he was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the extraordinary reception the genteel Mr. Martin ſeemed diſpoſed to give him.

A cool contemptuous look, a half bow, ſlow, ſolemn, hope you are well, with eyes ſuddenly turned another way, and a ſtately draw-back of the whole body, was the quality airs he choſe to aſſume.

"Why, Martin," ſaid Henry, "Don't you know me?" ſuſpecting his memory.

"Oh, yes, that is, I have ſeen, but—but really I muſt beg to be excuſed keeping you company."

"You will eaſily obtain an excuſe for that," returned Henry, his colour riſing, "but you will pleaſe to aſſign, before we

part, reaſons for ſuch impertinent behaviour, and I will then conſider whether I will not break every bone in your ſkin."

The looks of our hero were not to be jeſted with, and the beau exhibited certain tokens of diſmay, but the attention of the company near them being excited, and Martin, poſſibly concluding, that in the multitude there was ſafety, ventured to put on an air of conſequence, and wondered at the fellow's aſſurance, to preſume to accoſt a gentleman in public, when he ſo well knew he had it in his power to trounce him."

Henry's anger, the while it laſted, (he was very warm) gave way to mirth at the prodigious bluſter and conſequential air of the poor clerk—" As how, pray," ſaid he, laughing, " How is it in your power to trounce me?"

The manly handſome figure of our hero, his engaging countenence, where good-humour and an honeſt careleſſneſs were viſibly blended with undaunted courage, contraſted with that of the emaciated perſon,

perſon, unwholeſome look, and finical manner of Martin, were not to the advantage of the latter; the laugh was caught from Henry by the bye-ſtanders, and ſo provoked the beau, that loſing in his wounded pride all fear of perſonal danger, he jumped upon the ſeat, and in a voice, between a ſhriek and a ſquall, proteſted Henry was a ſwindler, a raſcal that paſſed himſelf for a man of quality, and went by many names, a pretender to fortune, when, in reality, continued he, he is as poor as a church-mouſe.

This harangue was unfortunately confirmed by a gentleman taylor, who, having the honour of a player's name on his book, was ſometimes favoured with orders inſtead of payment, and now ſat in a green box by virtue of one; he alſo was taylor to Mr. Gab, and had furniſhed our hero with ſome clothes for which he had not been paid.

The knight of the ſhears joined the knight of the quill, in villifying Henry, though as the former was uſed to a great deal of for-

bearance, his accuſation was in an humbler ſtrain—he purteſted as how, that was the very Mr. Conway, as Marchant Gab recommended to him, whereby he had truſted him with three ſuits of ſuperfine broad cloth, and, to be ſure, he thought as how Marchant Gab wud ſee him paid, becauſe, as why, he tuk him on his credit, he did not oft work at hap-hazard, becauſe, as why, there was good pay enow for a good workman, but ſince he found Marchant Gab cou'd puff as well as poor folks, and that Mr. Conway was not gone to be a nabob, vy he would go an ſee what was to be done, and out ran the knight of the ſhears.

A female voice now aſſailed our hero from behind, too familiar and well-known to be miſtaken—it approached—Henry, my dear Henry, by G—d I am glad to ſee thee—His appal'd eyes met thoſe of Lavinia Orthodox; no longer was the ſprightly eye that allured, that ſent its tender glances into the ſoul of deſire, no longer was the ſweet down which outvied

for

for colour and ſoftneſs the beautiful peach, or whatever is more lovely in nature, viſible on her cheeks; her eyes, indeed, ſparkled, but it was with the effect of liquor—her cheeks yet glowed, but it was with carmine; her voice, once the gentle herald of innocent gaiety, was changed into a hoarſe roughneſs that ſhocked the ear; ſhe was thin and haggard, and already her late beautiful and blooming figure wore the ſad appearance of diſeaſed proſtitution.

Compaſſionate to an exceſs, tender and ſympathiſing in his nature—what, at that moment, were the feelings of our hero?—"Lavinia!" exclaimed he, in a voice of aſtoniſhment.

"Dellmore," anſwered the poor wretch, in a trembling accent, all her falſe ſpirits forſaking her, and bold, as ſhe was—ſhrinking with ſhame from his ſcrutinizing look.

"There," ſaid Martin, "that's another of his names—" he was proceeding, when a buſtle in the ſtage-box oppoſite divided the attention of the ſpectators; a lady had

fainted away, on the curtain's drawing up; and, in that inſtant, a general clamour for ſilence ran through the houſe.

But, Martin, elated with his fancied victory, ſtill, however, continued his attacks on our hero; who, at length, ruſhed forward, ſeized him by the collar, and dragged him out of the box, where he would have been certainly paid for his liberty of ſpeech, had not his vociferous outcries for help, brought to his aſſiſtance ſome of the conſtables of the houſe.

Thus ſupported and defended, his adverſary, Martin, being filled with contempt for a being who was, as he ſuppoſed, poorer than himſelf, and furniſhed by Mrs. Gab with anecdotes not to be doubted, of his deſtitute ſituation, reproached him with his low birth, the deception put on the Dellmore family, his being brought up on charity, running away from Mr. Franklin, palming himſelf on a merchant for a man of faſhion, and under that ſanction obtaining credit from different tradeſmen, like a ſcoundrel as he was.

I have

I have told my reader that Martin was a clerk in office; but I have yet to tell him, he was one of the numerous young fellows ſo frequently met with in this metropolis, who make ſhift to let the pay of their office anſwer their running expences; depending on marrying by dint of their extraordinary merits, ſome inconſiderate female, whoſe little fortune is juſt ſufficient to pay off their debts, make a ſhow for a year or two, and then ſink into obſcure poverty. Such a woman, for the reſt of her life, ſuffers the reproaches of the pretty fellows, who have ruined them, the burthen of bringing up a family born to wretchedneſs, and the contempt of a pitileſs world!

Well; but how comes Mr. Martin, then, ſo inveterate a foe to Dellmore, when he muſt be conſcious his principles and actions laid him ſo open to equal cenſure?

Sons of experience! men of the world! anſwer for him. I would ſpare *ye*.—Can ye ſpare yourſelves?

Many

Many of the people who were ſeated near, had followed our diſputants from the box, feeling more intereſted about the tranſactions of two ſtrangers in real life, than thoſe of a dying heroine, although the Siddons was the performer.

As Henry in voice and looks, continued to denounce vengeance againſt the ſtill abuſive, tho' frightened, Martin, the latter very gallantly charged the conſtable with the former, and vowed he would ſwear his life was in danger; he, however, changed his mind, in the certainty he ſhould be protected from preſent outrage by the ſecond aſſiſtance of Mr. Buckram, who entered the paſſage with the very Mr. Trap beforementioned, as a perſon who had a particular knack at ſtopping the travels of his fellow creatures.

Again Henry ſaw himſelf very familiarly coupled with John Doe and Richard Roe; and Martin ſlipping ſomething which ſerved as a diſcharging fee into the hands of the conſtable, they both thought proper to retire,

tire, leaving our hero in the cuſtody of his old acquaintance.

"Well, Sir," ſaid Trap, "Are we to walk or ride, how ſtands caſh now?"

"I have rode a few miles to-day, already, I will walk if you pleaſe"—anſwered he.

"If it is the ſame thing to you, I had rather ride," replied Trap.—

"It is not the ſame thing, *I* had rather walk!"

"Same thing over again, I ſee that, I wonder how ſuch poor devils gets credit," quoth the follower.

The moon ſhone very bright, it was near ten o'clock when they reached the lock-up-houſe, and Mrs. Trap was at ſupper eating of ſauſages, of which ſhe invited our hero to partake.

"The Gem'man don't love ſauſages," ſaid Mr. Trap, in a tone of voice, the lady perfectly underſtood—ſhe was accordingly hurrying away her ſupper.

"I do like ſauſages," cried Dellmore, "and with the good woman's leave, will accept

accept her offer,—— are there any more to be gotten ?"

"The fellow is almoſt ſtarved," whiſpered the follower.—"To be ſure there is," ſaid Trap, "for money—but if you had not enough to hire a coach, how are you to pay for your ſupper ?"

Mrs. Trap ſet her pan with freſh ſauſages on the fire, the head of Mr. Trap was uncovered, and the follower ſlunk out of the room at the ſight of a handful of money, gold and ſilver mixed, which our hero took out of his pocket

The parlour door was thrown open,—"would not he be pleaſed to walk in there ?—The kitchen was ſo cloſe, and, oh, dear me, what a dirty table-cloth, why did not her huſband tell her he ſhould bring a gem'man home ?"

"Why, my dear, how could I tell you what I did not know myſelf ? I happen'd to be at Lawyer Monk's, when Mr. Buckram came in for the writ."

"How much is his bill ?" aſked Henry, "Poor fellow he ſhould have been paid, I

am aſhamed of leaving the kingdom in his debt."

"Why, Sir," anſwered Trap, "If I was you, I would offer him half."—

"Half what?" ſaid Henry.

"Half what you owe him, and if he would not take that, he ſhould have nothing."

Henry ſtared—

"There will ſoon be an Act of Grace," continued orator Trap, "and then you will be cleared without paying a ſhilling, you may live like a *Lord* in the *Rules*, on leſs than you will pay your debts—and then, you ſee, Sir, you may begin again when the *act* is paſſed."

"What! To contract freſh ones, is that *your* way, Mr. Trap?"

"Mine! Sir, no, I could not live by that,—it's the way of the world though—ay, and a very genteel part of the world too, lords, ladies, 'ſquires and parſons do it; the very laſt gentleman I arreſted, carried his girl, two footmen, and a man-cook to priſon with him—and Parſon Clearey,

Clearey, you know, my dear, his lady, a mortal good clever woman—minds money no more than dirt, invited you to dine.—"

"Yes," anſwered Mrs. Trap, "Madam Clearey never ſets down under five things. Poor dear Lady!—There is but the Doctor and her, and ſhe has a monſtrous nice ſtomach—ſo has the Doctor—he eats a chicken every day throughout the year.

"Aye, it was the poulterer's bill, I arreſted him for—eighty-ſeven-pounds, I think," joined the huſband.—"Yes, continued the wife, but, Madam, ſaid it would come home to him, ſo it has, ſure enough, for he is in jail now himſelf, ſtarving on the common-ſide; as to Madam Clearey, it makes no difference to her, the Doctor never ſtirred out while they lived at the great houſe, and they live every bit as grand, and keep a mort of company in the rules."

"Then," ſaid the huſband, "there is the parliament-man's wife, what's her name?"

"Oh,

"Oh, dear! I can't think of her name, but I know whom you mean, the lady with the great jointure, twelve hundred a year, a woman of quality, keeps her routs, and lives like a queen. But then, the Colonel, and the little Lord that I ſaw at Madam Clearey's a paying a morning viſit; dear me, how coſtly they were dreſſed, and keeps their footmen and grooms, and all term time viſits about in their carriages to t'other end of the town."

"For God's ſake! Good people, what are you talking of?" cried our hero, in the utmoſt amazement, "would you perſuade me ſuch people live, and ſuch things are done, in the verge of a priſon?"

"If you would take my advice," ſaid Trap, "you'll ſee, for 'tis certain an Act is to come out this ſeſſions, and then old Buckram may whiſtle for his money; every ſyllable I tell you is true, you may depend upon it, our priſons are worlds in miniature! To be ſure, there *are ſome* poor there, but that's *their own* folly, they that pay, and pay and part with their valuables

to

to put off the evil day, till all's gone, why what can they expect? But to ſtarve like fools, but, people who know better, Lord, they may enjoy life *there*, as well as any where elſe; there's every thing, there's cards and dice, women and wine, lud! they're as merry as grigs; it often makes me laugh to read the fine long ſpeeches in Parliament about relieving the poor debtors; when, at the ſame time, there is no poverty near them, the poverty is only to be found in the *heartfelt diſtreſs of the tradeſmen who having given credit, till their own is gone, are entitled only to the common-ſide.*"

CHAPTER LII.

The Hero's Intellects again ſuſpected, and a capital Operation prevented by an officious old Man.

THE ſhock which the generous ſoul of our hero ſuſtained at a recital ſo repugnant to every idea of Juſtice and Humanity, would

would have been ſufficient to pall his appetite, had it been far more keen than it was, in the preſent inſtance; his principles were unvitiated notwithſtanding the indiſcretions in which he had been engaged, and if he thoughtleſsly beſpoke clothes, and other articles, without following Mr. Gab's directions of paying ready money for them, it was, becauſe not knowing the fatal conſequences of diſappointment to tradeſmen, in the promiſed payment of their bills, he had actually been cozened by Captain Gab, out of the money he received from Mr. Gab for the purpoſe of paying his debts.

But, when once his integrity was alarmed, when from Trap's animated account he found how much he had himſelf contributed to the delineation of both the characters he had ſo ably drawn, the delicacy of his principles was alarmed, and the trifling ſupper he had ordered, was in his then opinion, an innovation on the rigid law of juſtice; how could he bear to indulge himſelf in ſuperfluous gratifications,

tions, when, perhaps, the poor taylor who truſted him, might be rapidly advancing to the common-ſide of a priſon; and when the ſum then in his poſſeſſion was the depoſit of friendſhip and generoſity, the hard earnings of bravery and valour, from a man, who though he had fought a good fight, and was covered with wounds, as well as honour, two things that do not always go together, was far from being in affluent circumſtances; during the time he was thus moralizing on what he had hitherto thought very little of, the enormity of contracting debts, without a certainty of being able to pay them, Mrs. Trap had laid a clean cloth on the table, and having began to fry a freſh cargo of ſauſages, aſked her huſband whether the gem'man would chooſe a glaſs of wine or punch, after ſupper, which queſtion was anſwered by Mr. Trap with a ſide wink, and a deſire that the gem'man mought not be hurried.

Mrs. Trap thought it was proper ſhe ſhould know what the gem'man would chooſe

chooſe to drink, not that ſhe was in any hurry, but ſhe would get it ready, while the gem'man was roominating.

Depreſſed by his own unpleaſing reflections, his head-ach growing intollerable, and extremely indiſpoſed; he could neither eat, nor drink, but retired ſupperleſs to the ſame bed, which he had before occupied

Mr. Trap's manſion, it is true, was not much calculated to lull the ſenſes of the involuntary gueſts, who from time to time made him their reluctant viſits.

Sleep, notwithſtanding Dellmore's fatigue of mind and body, did not viſit his pillow; he continued very unwell, the diſorder in his head was attended with an acute pain in his back and limbs; he grew very thirſty, and before morning, had every ſymptom of a violent fever.

This was indeed a dreadful night to our hero, the anxiety of his mind was no leſs grievous than the pains of his body; he bitterly reproached himſelf for having by his thoughtleſs folly, while at Mr. Gab's, added to the number of the diſſipated,

pated, on one hand, and the diſtreſſed on the other, which Trap had ſo unfeelingly deſcribed; he reſolved no longer to be the dupe of his own pride and inexperience; Mr. Franklin was rich, and riches were, in his hands, a general benefit to mankind, the poor never ſolicited him in vain, and ſo far was that good man from rejecting the applications of the indigent, that his chief happineſs was centered in the relief afforded them, nor was he ever ſo entirely pleaſed, as when by his means the tears of anguiſh ceaſed to flow.

Mr. Cadogan had aſſured him he ſhould be received by Mr. Franklin with open arms, and he reſolved to apply to him as ſoon as day appeared, and make an ample confeſſion of all his errors.

The diſorder of his head, was however, ſo great, and the pains about him increaſed to ſuch a degree, that he was glad to give way to a drowſineſs which ſeized him in the morning, and from which, (though it could hardly be called ſleep) he did not awake till noon, and then ſtill extremely indiſpoſed,

indiſpoſed, inſomuch, that it was with great difficulty he could be gotten up, to have his bed made, and having drank a baſon of tea, he was obliged to lay down again immediately.

Finding himſelf grow much worſe, every moment, he ſcrawled a note to Mr. Burgeſs, directing it to be ſent to Clapham, and then fell into a doze, but was ſoon diſturbed by Mr. Trap, with the agreeable intimation, that detainers were lodged againſt him to the amount of ninety pounds.

Henry had no doubt of being enabled to pay the whole of his debts, as ſoon as Mr. Franklyn was informed of his ſituation; he was, therefore, very little alarmed at this intelligence, and Trap knowing he had money enough to pay for civility, ordered his wife to take care the gem'man wanted for nothing.

Late in the evening the meſſenger returned from Mr. Burgeſs's, very much in liquor, with ſuch an account, as his inebriety only could excuſe; he ſaid, Mr.

Burgeſs was out, and his lady would not open the note.

Henry very peeviſh, and ſtill more indiſpoſed, ordered another meſſenger to be procured by the next morning, and then wrote on the out ſide of the note to Mr. or Mrs. Burgeſs.

A violent fever was now encreaſing very faſt on his conſtitution, and Henry moſt ardently, but vainly wiſhed to procure the attendance of ſome perſon, whom he knew; he felt his diſorder was not to be trifled with, and requeſted medical aſſiſtance might be ſent for.

An apothecary, as they were pleaſed to dub him, was introduced by Mr. Trap, but his appearance was not at all calculated to inſpire our hero with confidence in his ſkill; and his manners, ſo oppoſite to what learning and education generally enforces, he looked at him with diſguſt, and anſwered his enquiries with contempt.

The doctor, as Mrs. Trap, was pleaſed to call him, was dreſſed in a ragged brown coat, and an old blue ſatin waiſtcoat, black ſtockings,

ſtockings, ſewed rather than darned, with worſted of a different colour, an old grizzle wig and very dirty linen, he took a great quantity of ſnuff and talked very faſt.

After the firſt queſtions, and an unprofeſſional manner of feeling the pulſe, his care of the patient was wholly loſt, in a prodigious and fawning reſpect to Mrs. Trap, who very kindly aſked him to drink a glaſs of ſom'at, deſired he would name his liquor, and handed him what he choſe to drink, which was humble gin.

Henry, diſguſted as he was with the doctor, was yet in ſuch intolerable pain, that after liſtening with great impatience, to an unintereſting detail of the ſcandal of the court, where he found this practitioner of phyſic reſided, he aſked whether any thing could be done to relieve him.

"To be ſure," the doctor ſaid, "he would ſend him ſome draught, he would bleed, and bliſter him, and that he was ſure would ſet him up again;" fortunately his lancets were at home, and, he ſaid, he would defer that part of the opera-

tion till evening; but before then Henry was light headed, and ſo exceedingly ungovernable, that the judicious apothecary ſwore he was mad.

A ſtraight waiſtcoat was immediately procured, and the threatened phlebotomy juſt going to be put in execution, when, a venerable figure, who was ſo unhappy as to have been brought into Mr. Trap's territories, half an hour before, begged leave to be preſent at the operation.

On his entering the room, where Henry was, a ſight perfectly new to him preſented itſelf; on the bed, bound down, lay a fine youth, whoſe crimſoned face and fiery eye, betokened a diſorder more dangerous than a diſtempered brain; on one ſide, Mrs. Trap held a large brown pan, her maid was hiding her face behind her miſtreſs's chair, and Trap's follower ſtood in readineſs to hold the patient's arm by force.

The apothecary was ſtripped, his ragged coat releaſed from the drudgery of concealing a more ragged ſhirt, lay on the floor, a greaſy night cap had taken place of his old grizzled wig, and

and Henry's pockets being far from empty, the room and every perſon in it ſmelt moſt delightfully of Britiſh compounds.

"Give me leave to examine your patient, ſir;" ſaid the intruder, advancing to the bed, when having felt his pulſe, "good God, ſir," exclaimed he, "what are you going to do?"

"Bleed a madman;" was the anſwer.

"A madman; friend, by what accident came the life of your fellow creatures in your power? Madam, as you value your own ſafety, (to Mrs. Trap) do not ſuffer the poor young man to undergo the operation, his diſorder is a putrid fever, bleeding will be inſtant death to him."

Mrs. Trap threw down the pan, and running out of the room, "a putrid fever," repeated ſhe, "oh, I ſhall catch it, and lard have mercy on me, I ſhall die!"

The ſervant girl immediately advanced, "I thought," ſaid ſhe, "you was madderer than the gentleman, poor dear ſoul, he burns like fire."

Britiſh compounds, ignorance, and a luſt after Henry's gold, were too potent to

admit of ſo eaſy a conqueſt, and the ſituation of the doctor being equally as convenient for boxing, as bleeding, he maintained, that the patient was mad; that he would bleed him, through all oppoſition, and, that any man who attempted to interrupt the operation, ſhould fight him; putting himſelf in a poſture of defence as he ſpoke.

The old gentleman was too conſcious of his own ſkill, too attentive to the poor object before him, and too humane to ſuffer himſelf to be overruled, when the life of a fellow creature was at ſtake; and the maid, who was a roſy country wench, ſideing with him, the man followed her example; with this reinforcement, by mere power of ſtrength, all argument being ineffectual, he turned the quondam doctor out of the room.

The old gentleman, and his auxiliaries, then proceeded to buſineſs; they unbound the ſick man, and the gentleman who was an apothecary of more ſkill, than eminence; and more true worth, than fortune;

tune; wrote a preſcription, and ſent it for medicines to a neighbouring chymiſt's; he then inſiſted on a nurſe being engaged, declaring, that it was at preſent but too probable the young man was *now* in his laſt temporal priſon.

When Henry's meſſage was ſent from Trap's to Mr. Burgeſs, that wary man had conſidered, that as Mr. Dellmore had plenty of money, there could be no reaſon for him to be hurried, it mattered not whether his friends came to him immediately or not, it was, indeed, better he ſhould take time for reflection; theſe ſentiments were underſtood by the meſſenger, who received the half crown for a journey he had never taken, without a ſingle qualm of conſcience.

The meſſenger, who was ſent the ſecond day to Clapham, had actually found neither Mr. or Mrs. Burgeſs at home, and not knowing, as he ſaid, better, had returned with the note.

The third day, Henry growing ſtill worſe, he had no longer a ſenſe of his ſituation.

When all was done, that could be of efficacy in his diſorder, by the good Mr. Oldham, he enquired if Trap's people knew the connections of the young man.

Trap anſwered, he believed he had nobody belonging to him worth ſeeking after, for that he was but a ſhabroon ſort of a gem'man; a bite he believed; he had twice arreſted him, and each time under different names, and between you and me, added the communicative officer, he was now going to priſon, in order to cheat his creditors.

"I am extremely ſorry to hear it," anſwered Oldham, but it does not follow that humanity ſhould not feel, even for the moſt abandoned of the human ſpecies; if this poor young man's principles are ſo depraved, as you repreſent them, it will be the greater charity to prolong his exiſtence, that he may have time for repentance.

"Repentance;" repeated Trap, "Lord love you, he has plenty of money."

The

The converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of two gentlemen, and an attorney, who, greatly to the diſappointment of Mr. Trap, after he offered his advice unaſked, came to bail the good Samaritan.——Mr. Oldham would not depart till he had obtained directions to Henry's creditor, and left particular orders with reſpect to his treatment, and further engaged his voluntary attendance.

Mr. Oldham, was in every endearing ſenſe, the father of a large family; a dutiful and affectionate daughter, with her numerous offspring, were all impatiently waiting the moment that would reſtore to them, the beſt of friends, the tendereſt of parents; and his own heart beat quick, in the fond expectation of being received by them with tranſports of joy; but nevertheleſs, inſtead of going immediately home from Trap's, the charity of his mind led, and he chearfully followed its

dictates, to Buckram's, in hopes to ſoften him, on behalf of the ſick ſtranger.

The taylor, though warm in the poſſeſſion of an independency, the produce of his labour, and oſtentatious of his riches, was not an ill-natured man, he was ſurpriſed and ſhocked at Mr. Oldham's account.

"Far be it, from Joe Buckram," ſaid he, "to parſecute any man, thank God! I don't want the money, and if the man can't pay, why he can't, that's all; going to law with a beggar, is what I call ſaving of ſhreds and waſting of remnants; not but what I think Marchant Gab, *of'te* for to pay me;" this hint led to the intelligence Mr. Oldham wanted, and by Buckram's direction, he went to Dowgate-hill.

It being now near ſeven o'clock in the evening, an hour when viſitors were expected by polite people, he was admitted into Mrs. Gab's drawing room, where were aſſembled the gentleman and lady of the manſion; Lord and Lady Criſpigny, late Miſs Leverage, and Miſs Sophia Gab.

Mr.

Mr. Oldham apologized for the liberty he was taking, but truſted his motive which was ſimply that of charity, would be his excuſe.

Mrs. Gab from this unfavourable introduction of his buſineſs, notwithſtanding Oldham's gentlemanlike appearance, immediately ſet him down for one of thoſe bold beggars who force their way into the preſence of people, whoſe benevolence they ſolicit; but a liberty of that kind was ſeldom ſuffered on Dowgate-hill, and as it ſeldom ſucceeded to the wiſh of the unfortunate, ſhe took on her the office of ſpokeſwoman to the intruder.

"As to charity and all that ſort of things, truly, ſhe did not know what the feller meant, people were obliged to be charitable in ſpite of their teeth, didn't they pay poor's rates enough, indeed ſhe would give him nothing."

Lord Creſpigny judiciouſly obſerved, thoſe were not proper objects of charity, who, notwithſtanding their affected diſtreſs, could appear ſo well.

Lady Creſpigny hated gentlemen beggars; and Mr. Gab ringing the bell, aſked if that were really all his buſineſs; the gentle Sophia advanced, and told him her mama wiſhed him gone, while ſhe ſlid a guinea into his hand, and caſting her eye on his white hair, twinkled off a tear as ſhe returned to her ſeat.

Mr. Oldham's aſtoniſhment kept him ſilent, till the ſervant entered, and he was repeatedly ordered to be ſhewn to the door.

The Apothecary had pride, he had alſo a great ſhare of underſtanding, he ironically begged pardon for the ambiguity of his apology, which he owned muſt be great, ſince it could occaſion ſuch a miſtake; bowing, he aſſured Mrs. Gab, he ſhould not have taken the liberty of aſking from her a favour, he was ſure could not be granted, and as to Lord Creſpigny and his lady, he would, he ſaid, have paid them the higheſt reſpect, if when they had deſcribed thoſe objects of charity *they* diſliked ſo much, they had alſo been ſo good

as to inform him of thoſe they relieved; he ſilently bowed to Miſs Sophia, and then frankly opened his buſineſs to Mr. Gab, and after deſcribing Dellmore's ſituation, begged to know if he had any relations.

"Dellmore," ſaid Lady Creſpigny, whoſe nuptials and the preceding preparations for that important event, had ſo wholly engroſſed her attention, that Mrs. Gab, who was not over fond of the ſubject, had not informed her of the deception of her man of faſhion, "What Henry Dellmore?"

"His name is Henry, Madam," anſwered Oldham.

"He is not in England," ſaid Mr. Gab.

"He is at the ſpunging-houſe in ——— Court," anſwered Oldham.

"No matter where he is," ſaid Mrs. Gab in a rage, "he is a villain."

"He is dying," replied Oldham.

"So much the better," anſwered Madam.

"He is a very fooliſh idle young fellow," ſaid Mr. Gab, "he kept a woman,

and

and was very extravagant while he was here."

"Don't name him," interrupted Mrs. Gab, "I would have him taken up for a vagabond."

"Oh!" ſaid Lady Creſpigny, "I aſſure you, if old Franklin knew he wanted any thing, he would ſoon be ſupplied; he will certainly be heir to that old fool.———"

"And where is Mr. Franklin to be found, Madam?"

"At the Spa, Sir."

"What the German Spa?"

"Yes."

"That is really too far off, Madam," ſaid Oldham, riſing to take his leave.

"I will ſee you down, Sir," ſaid Gab, accompanying him to the door.

Mr. Oldham returned to Trap's, and again very much againſt the opinion of that perſonage and his lady, took an account of what valuables were yet about the delirious patient; his money was conſiderably leſſened, the ſpurs were gone from his boots, and had it not been for this prudent ſtep, in all likelihood a few hours would

would have left him without any kind of ſupport.

The fever continued raging and increaſing with great rapidity, Mrs. Trap terrified at a diſorder ſhe dreaded, tired every body round her with her anxiety to have him removed, and having at laſt convinced her huſband, who bore her apprehenſions for her own ſafety, with great philoſophy, that it would hurt his houſe to have a perſon die there in a putrid fever, he went to Buckram's, and through him prevailed on the other creditors to withdraw their actions, promiſing, that he out of charity would remit his fees to have him removed; from thence he went to the Apothecary's in order to conſult him on what ſteps he thought moſt expedient to be taken, to procure the patient's admittance into an hoſpital, he did not find that gentleman at home, and therefore returned to — Court.

The diſorder of Henry's intellects, with the fears of his wife, and the careleſſneſs of the nurſe, had ſaved all trouble on that head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Trap, I have hinted, had no diſlike to the conſolation to be derived from a glaſs of right coniac, the nurſe would have been a phenomenon indeed, in her profeſſion, had ſhe been averſe to the partaking of Mrs. Trap's offered kindneſs, and her charge lying quiet in a ſeeming doſe, ſhe deſcended from his chamber to the kitchen, for the pleaſures of a ſocial pinch of ſnuff, a little chat, and a glaſs of comfort.

Poor Mrs. Trap was in ſuch grievous apprehenſions of the fever, ſhe could not avoid having a conſtant recourſe to the moſt probable means of rendering that diſorder fatal, if ſhe caught it; one glaſs ſucceeded another, and when her huſband returned, he found his wife and the nurſe inſenſible; the maid was in a back kitchen in private converſation with his follower, and the priſoner liberated, without bail or mainprize.

In fine, Henry had got up, dreſſed himſelf, and walked out of the houſe without being perceived.

Aſtoniſhed

Aſtoniſhed at this event, Trap began to conſider, as he always did, on every occaſion, what part of the matter would turn moſt to his intereſt, for as to the ſituation of the poor delirious wretch, who in the phrenzy of his illneſs had left the houſe, *that* was no part of *his* conſideration.

That he belonged to ſomebody, was poſſible, notwithſtanding the diſadvantageous light in which his character ſtood, from the change of his name; and he was thinking, whether he ſhould, or ſhould not ſend to Mr. Burgeſs, when his attention was engaged, and his reſolution fixed, by the ſight of a ſmall red pocket-book, which belonged to our hero, and which had, by laying under a table, eſcaped Mr. Oldham's inventory, it contained a bank note for ten pounds, being the remainder of the change of a draft ſent him on Captain Manly's account from his agent, on Drummond's bank, which he received before he went to the play; very contentedly therefore Mr. Trap recommended our hero to

Providence,

Providence, burnt the book, and pocketed the note.

The next morning, when Mr. Oldham viſited Trap's, his indignation at the negligence of the woman who was called nurſe, his grief at the ſituation of the poor wanderer, and the uncertainty of what might be his fate, deprived him of ſpeech; he was followed by a phyſician of eminence, whoſe humane feelings were likewiſe extremely intereſted on the occaſion; while they were conſulting on the ſteps proper to be taken in the cauſe of Charity and Benevolence, the nurſe affronted at the freedom of Mr. Oldham's rebukes, was clamorous to be diſcharged, and Trap knowing Henry's money which had been taken out of his pocket, and ſealed by Mr. Oldham, was more than ſufficient to anſwer all his demands, was alſo urgent to be paid his bill; having, as he ſaid, a great deal of buſineſs to do, which would not brook delay, one ſolitary guinea was all that was left, after the ſeveral rapacious claimants were ſatisfied; and that,

that, Trap did not chooſe ſhould entirely eſcape him; he recollected his friend, whoſe attendance had been called in, and although he ſaid Doctor Spilman's opinion, did a little vary from that of Doctor Oldham's, yet as doctor's would differ, that was no argumentation why the gem'man ſhould not be paid; and therefore he thought, as how the money might as well be left for him.

Mr. Oldham's circumſtances could not be thought to be in a very flouriſhing ſtate, by the accident that introduced him to our acquaintance, but he had a ſoul not allied to poverty, it breathed the nobleſt ſentiments of philanthropy; it taught him to relieve as well as feel, the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures; it had made him all his life ſo entirely regardleſs of ſelf-preſervation, that now in his ſeventieth year, he was obliged to labour in worſted ſtockings through thoſe ſtreets, where roll'd the gilded carriages of many of the leſs ſkilful, and leſs worthy ſons of Æſculapius; *his* bill for medicines, attendance, &c. was not

not thought of by himſelf, it was therefore the leſs likely it ſhould be remembered by Trap, who received the laſt guinea for his friend Spilman, with the moſt perfect indifference, proteſting he had himſelf loſt a great deal of money by the diſagreeable event.

The phyſician's ſoul happened to be nearly related to the benevolent one of the apothecary, they agreed to advertiſe the poor fugitive, and what the poverty of Oldham could not effect, Doctor Littleton undertook; he ſent an advertiſement to the Daily Advertiſer, and offered a handſome reward for any intelligence concerning the inſenſible runaway, and promiſed to ſupport him, if found, till he was in a ſituation to provide for himſelf, or till a proviſion was no longer neceſſary; as they were quitting the apartment, the Doctor happened to caſt his eye on the note, which ſhould have been ſent to Mr. Burgeſs's, the direction ſurpriſed Doctor Littleton, who was himſelf a quaker, and was as well acquainted with the integrity, and innate worth

worth of Mr. and Mrs. Burgeſs, as the world was of their wealth; this diſcovery increaſed his anxiety for the perſon he was called to viſit; he immediately ordered his carriage to Clapham, where he very frequently viſited Mrs. Burgeſs, whoſe own health was in a very precarious way, the note which he delivered to Mr. Burgeſs was as follows:

Dear Sir,

THE young man ſo highly favoured on his application to you, on account of Miſs Elton, and who being no longer under a neceſſity of concealing his name, begs leave to convey to you that of Henry Dellmore; he requeſts, if his dear friend and benefactor, Mr. Franklin, yet retains his partial ſentiments of him, it may influence you to ſuſpend all unfavourable ideas, from the circumſtances under which he now addreſſes you, till he can at once confeſs his follies, and relate ſome incidents he preſumes will palliate them, which he truſts, the goodneſs of your own heart will induce you to give him an opportunity of

doing,

doing, in caſe Mr. Franklin ſhould not be in town; but if he is, he intreats you will give the bearer directions where to find him.

Mr. Burgeſs was pleaſed and his wife was in tranſports, once more to hear of her favourite; Mr. Franklin had always lived with thoſe good people on terms of the ſtricteſt amity and confidence; he had revealed to them what he was aſhamed to think on himſelf; his ſiſter's conduct both aſtoniſhed and grieved Mrs. Burgeſs; the purity of *her* ideas could attribute ſuch a change in a woman ſo *wiſe*, and ſo *learned*, to no other cauſe than ſorcery; ſhe could ſcarce be perſuaded it was otherwiſe poſſible.

With Miſs Franklin's hiſtory was naturally blended that of Henry Dellmore, and ſhe was prepared to eſteem ſo great a favourite of a man, whoſe worth ſhe ſo well knew; when therefore he came out to be the very perſon ſhe had felt ſo much attached to, without power either to conquer her partiality, or explain the cauſe that

that inſpired it, her ſatisfaction was extreme, and was expreſſed with the utmoſt warmth; but a diſmal part of the ſtory yet remained untold; the favoured object was loſt, he was, perhaps, and too likely, no more. Tears and hyſterics followed Doctor Littleton's relation, on the part of Mrs. Burgeſs, and an inſtant reſolution on that of her huſband, to ſet off directly to town and join his reſearch with the Doctor's to recover him; once before, ſaid the good man, accident threw him in my way; if we meet again we will not ſo eaſily part.

All enquiry, however, was ineffectual, and Mrs. Burgeſs, who from a variety of circumſtances became more and more intereſted in his fate, gave herſelf up to ſuch grief and deſpair, that her life was, in a few days, in the utmoſt danger, ſhe

"Had that within her, that paſſeth ſhew."

Mr. Burgeſs ſent an expreſs to the Spa, where Mr. Franklin was really gone, and they waited his return with the utmoſt anxiety, though hopeleſs now of ever more recovering the object of their enquiry; on the hour

hour Mr. Franklin received Mr. Burgeſs's letter, he ſet off for England, and arrived at Clapham, accompanied by his ward, not Lady Reſtive, but the lovely Clara Elton, ſtill a ſpinſter, and full as much intereſted in the recovery of Henry Dellmore as any of her acquaintance, not excepting Mrs. Burgeſs herſelf.

CHAPTER LIII.

Another capital Operation prevented by a ſilly old Man.

CLARA Elton, the reader is but ſlightly acquainted with; we return to her at a grievous period of her hiſtory; her fate ſhould excite the tear of ſenſibility, and (as it is not fiction) ſpeak to the hearts of thoſe parents and guardians, who from choice or convenience, conſign the improvement of the minds and morals of their children to women whoſe only recommendation is, that they have happened

to

to fix on a pleaſant ſpot, where they keep a boarding ſchool.

Miſs Elton with a ſtrong ſhare of ſenſibility, had a fine natural underſtanding; left at ſo early a period in life, heireſs to a large fortune, unallied, and very unfortunately placed by her father, merely on an œconomical principle, with one of the laſt women on earth to whom ſuch a truſt ſhould be confided, it was no wonder the art of Mrs. Napper, and her daughter, was ſo ſucceſsful as to unite to their family and intereſt, the affectionate heart, that, when it loſt its parents, panted for a reſting place.

Clara was formed of the moſt harmonized materials; her heart melted at diſtreſs; it voluntarily ſurrendered itſelf to kindneſs; and gratitude was, with her, one of the firſt duties of humanity.—Her face was oval, and her mild blue eyes were the heralds of her amiable diſpoſition, which was gentleneſs itſelf: her features were regularly pleaſing; her complexion was remarkably clear, and her form was an aſſem-

blage of elegance, grace, and eaſe.—Her wit, at once ſparkling and rational, was of the unobtruſive kind. You might ſee Clara Elton an hundred times, without diſcovering any thing in her underſtanding ſuperior to the common run of females.—Her voice was melodious and faſcinating, ſhe was early taught humility. The diſtreſſed circumſtances of her father had awed her ſpirits, ſo that it influenced her happy proſpects, and ſhe wanted that confidence in herſelf, that ſenſe of her own dignity, which would have protected her from the artifices of the deſigners, in whoſe hands ſhe unhappily was left.

Henry Dellmore, who was placed by accident at a ſchool in the ſame village, diſtinguiſhed Clara Elton, when her little heart beat with tranſport at his preference; her plain frock and unadorned head-dreſs, could not conceal from him, that ſhe was the ſweeteſt girl in the ſchool; his attention and politeneſs, his little preſents, his choice at the balls, were all for Clara.—

Gratitude

Gratitude and affection were the innocent returns of her heart to his early partiality, and the ſudden change in her fortune came very much clouded to her knowledge, when ſhe found Henry Dellmore was to be the ſufferer. Mr. Elton's rage at the fraud put on the family, admitted not of compaſſion for the innocent impoſtor; he was very angry with his daughter for mentioning him as an object of charity, nor would he hear from her a word of his good qualities; but they were, nevertheleſs, in no danger of being forgotten; the innocent Clara treaſured them in her heart, and firmly reſolved, whenever it ſhould be in her power, to reward them.

Theſe ſentiments grew up with her; and as it was not Mrs. Napper's cue to teach her ſaving knowledge, the difference in their circumſtances was never hinted at by any of her family; they were unanimous in the opinion, that it was their intereſt to pay their court to Clara, through every indulgence to her humour. As ſhe approached maturity, and became more ac-

quainted with her own ſentiments, conſcious of the purity of her attachment ſhe formed no deſign of concealing it, but went to Ether with full hopes, that the partiality, on Henry's ſide, was at leaſt equal.

The diſappointment ſhe met in his engagement with Lavinia, greatly affected her, and a concurrence of circumſtances convinced her, Henry's honor was pledged to Lavinia; ſhe, therefore, conceived it criminal, any longer to attach herſelf to him. Miſs Franklin was a woman ſhe could reſpect, but not love. Mr. Franklin, though he was an indulgent guardian, and a worthy man, could not be the object of her tenderneſs;—ſo that, without any other tie or connection, her affectionate diſpoſition naturally led her to unite her love to thoſe who appeared ſo fondly to value her; ſhe inſenſibly conſidered their intereſt her own, and had Mrs. Napper's neceſſities and rapacity ſuffered her to wait till ſhe was of age, ſhe and her family would have ſhared her fortune.

Sir

Sir James Reſtive was informed of the poor victim, by a Jew, with whom both himſelf and Mrs. Napper had dealings; with her connivance, he contrived an interview, and it being a matter on which depended the mutual intereſt of both parties, it was conſequently ſoon ſettled. Sir James was, by *accident*, ſo polite as to offer Miſs Elton his box, on a very full night at Vauxhall Gardens, and was ſo ſtruck with her beauty, that he entreated to wait on her at Eaſt Sheen.—Clara was ſilent, but Mrs. Napper's permiſſion could not be refuſed to ſo polite a gentleman.

From this period, Sir James was dying for love of Miſs Elton; he knelt—wrote—ſwore—and ſighed;—no effect had it on Clara, ſhe would never marry, *that* ſhe was reſolved.

But Clara Elton's reſolutions were too weak to withſtand Mrs. Napper's impriſonment, and Jemima's tears; at the very time when the ſight of Lavinia, hanging on the boſom of Dellmore, was freſh in her view, ſhe could have ſtoutly reſiſted the

love of the Knight; but *that* recollection, aided by the ſight of two bailiffs, who were dragging her dear governeſs to priſon, conquered her.—Henry was, if not married, not only engaged by every tie of love and honor, but he was, according to the accounts ſhe received from others as well as from ocular demonſtration, loſt to virtue and morality; her heart upbraided her for a fondneſs that was an infringement on the right of another; and her pride revolted from the idea of wiſhing to blend her image with the companions ſhe had ſeen in the memory of a libertine; yet the reſolution to give up her firſt and only fond impreſſion, overwhelmed her with ſorrow; tears guſhed in torrents from her eyes, and at that moment the diſtreſs of Mrs. Napper, (who was again arreſted) the proteſtation of diſintereſted love from the Baronet, the grief of Miſs Napper, and the anguiſh of Jemima, aſſailed her; and the gentleneſs of her diſpoſition, being thus worked upon by her own feelings, and the art of others, ſhe gave a ſilent, ſlow conſent, and the

chaiſe,

chaiſe and four, which was in waiting, ready for the fatal conqueſt of deſign and treachery, even ingenuity and candour, had carried her, and her young friend, attended by the enraptured Sir James, from Eaſt Sheen, before Clara had time to recollect the importance of the ſtep ſhe had ſo precipitately taken; and, when reflection overtook her, it was too late to retract.

I have now told my readers the motives that prevailed on the young and thoughtleſs heireſs, to elope with Sir James Reſtive, who, with his golden prize, and her companion Jemima Napper, reached Berwick without any accident. Miſs Elton's heart miſgave her during the whole journey, ſhe was ſelf-condemned, and wanted the animation of paſſion to gloſs over the indelicacy of the act ſhe was now guilty of, as well as her ingratitude to a guardian, who, ſhe well knew, would not with-hold his conſent to any meaſure in which her honour or happineſs was concerned.

Her dejection was intolerable; it affected her nerves, and, together with the long and rapid journey, and unavailing regrets, ſo diſordered her, that, before they croſſed the Tweed, ſhe was incapable of proceeding on the matrimonial expedition.

This untoward accident almoſt deprived her lover of his ſenſes; and Jemima, with leſs tenderneſs for her friend than ſolicitude for Sir James, lamented inceſſantly the delay.

Still more repugnant to compleat the purpoſe of her journey, Clara was miſerable in the impoſſibility of retracting.

The diſtance between her and Eaſt Sheen, now leſſened the diſtreſs of Mrs. Napper's ſituation; and Reaſon bid her recollect, the imprudence of that woman, to which her embarraſſments were owing; it alſo reminded her, how near ſhe was to coming of age, and the eaſe to herſelf, with which ſhe could render the family, to whom ſhe was ſo partially happy, without binding

binding herſelf for ever to a man for whom ſhe had no predilection but from vanity.

But inconſiderate as this ſtep had proved her, Clara did not want underſtanding to diſtinguiſh, the ridiculous figure ſhe ſhould cut, in the cenſure ſhe would incur, by changing her mind; no one gloom of pleaſure now offered to her view, that could compenſate for the ſacrifice ſhe was about to make, yet on ſhe muſt go.

The pain of thoſe reflections was too potent for the power of medicine, and their anguiſh was encreaſed by the conduct of Jemima, who was ſo out of temper at the delay, and ſo ſtrenuous an admirer of all Sir James Reſtive ſaid or did, and ſo warm an advocate for him, that the uſual openneſs with which Miſs Elton had always hitherto communicated her ſentiments to her young companion, was entirely repreſſed; and ſhe became a prey to the moſt uneaſy ſenſations.

Conſcious, however, that there was no retreat with honor, ſhe at length reſolved to exert herſelf to overcome prejudices that *ſhould*

have had their weight *before*. Ill therefore, as ſhe continued, while preparing on the ſecond morning for her journey, Sir James was rapturouſly hurrying the horſes, and Jemima warbling an Italian air, when a noiſe in the yard of the inn alarmed them; Jemima ran to the window, and full only of the accompliſhment of her own ſcheme, ſcreamed out,

" O Clara, we are undone !—Sir James is taken up, I am ſure he is, that black ugly Chancellor has certainly ſent after him; ſee they are carrying him away, and—O Lord ! I ſhall be proſecuted as an acceſſary !"

" An acceſſary—to what ?" cried Clara, greatly agitated.

" Stealing an heireſs, my dear, ſtealing an heireſs ; pray dear Clara protect me !" A rap at the door added to her fears—Clara, though hardly able to move, opened it.

A venerable white headed old man entered ; the traces of grief were on his countenance, and a flood of tears, which he endeavoured to hide, ran down his furrowed cheeks.

cheeks.—" Ladies, your ſervant—I am grieved, indeed I am, at the intruſion my misfortunes obliges me to be guilty of, and at the diſappoitment I occaſion; but you have, perhaps, parents, though you are ſo eagerly running from them; if you have not, you will one day know a parent's feelings."

" Lord," interrupted Jemima peeviſhly, " are we to wait till then for an explanation of *your* conduct."

" Pardon me, young lady, pardon me," replied the ſtranger, " I had forgotten how very young you are; may I crave to know which of you was the one deſtined to be the bride of a villain, of Sir James Reſtive."

Clara bluſhed—ſhe had recourſe to her ſalts—Jemima fired up—" you are a very rude old fellow, and if Sir James heard you call him a villain, he ....."

" He has often heard it," interrupted he, " heard it with the moſt impenetrable cruelty, heard the ſorrows of a wretched father, heard a weeping parent bemoan the the miſeries he created, with fortitude that

might have honoured a better cauſe; but, madam, are you the intended bride?"

"Perhaps I am," ſaid ſhe ſmartly, "and what then?"

"Ah!" cried the old man ſhaking his head, "then I fear, madam, I ſhall not preſerve you from ruin; you appear to have too much courage, to fear infidelity and ill-treatment from a huſband, who, in marrying you, breaks every ſacred engagement, murders a woman who adores him, abandons his children, and brings the white hairs of her father with ſorrow to the grave."

"Can it be," ſaid Clara, almoſt choaked with her emotions, "can Sir James Reſtive be this man?"

"Yes, gentle lady;" anſwered the weeping father, turning from Jemima, and evidently ſurpriſed at Clara's agitation, "and it is you, I fear, whoſe heart muſt be wounded by a recital of ſorrows his crimes have occaſioned; I ſee, in your countenance, your intereſt in the bad man; I could have told my ſad ſtory to that young

young lady, with no ſenſe but that of my own miſery; I thought ſhe had not the feelings of diſappointed love; but *you*, madam, how ſhall I add to the languor of *your* looks? How deſtroy the hope of delicacy itſelf?—yet it muſt be—how elſe will you know the precipice on which you ſtand, or how feel what little right the ceremony, *mere temporal ceremony*, can give a virtuous woman, to a betrayer of innocence?"

The mind of Clara, though much agitated, was perfectly free from the anguiſh to which the old man attributed her looks; ſhe indeed felt a joy ſhe was aſhamed to expreſs, at the poſſibility of retreating with honour, from an engagement which had not the ſanction of inclination to plead for its indiſcretion; ſhe was, nevertheleſs, much affected at his ſorrow, and beſought he would, without a fear of wounding her peace, ſay all that could add to his own.

CHAP.

CHAPTER LIV.

A common Story and an uncommon Reſolution in a runaway Heireſs.

IT was ſome time before he could recover himſelf from a freſh flood of anguiſh, when he gave the following hiſtory of himſelf:

" I am, ladies, of a genteel profeſſion; I was left, eighteen years ago, the ſorrowing widower of the beſt of women, who died in the bloom of youth and perfection of beauty; ſhe left two girls, the dear pledges of her love; thoſe were all my care and all my hope; the youngeſt was the darling both of her ſiſter (who is ſeven years older) and myſelf. I am a catholic, and in order to have my children educated in the ſame faith, ſent them early to a convent in Paris; the eldeſt I ſent for home to ſuperintend my domeſtic affairs, before our mutual darling had compleated her education. My daughter ſoon married; my own circumſtances

cumſtances being eaſy, I was the leſs ſolicitous about obtaining a rich partner for my child; ſhe choſe an honeſt man and I was ſatisfied.—He was in the ſame profeſſion as myſelf, and as age was creeping on me, we received equal benefit, my affairs were better managed by a younger man, and it was of advantage to him to enter on an eſtabliſhed buſineſs.

"When Maria returned from her convent, we found her perſonal charms improved beyond our expectations; her mental ones were no leſs perfect, but clouded by a melancholy that diſtreſſed and ſurpriſed us; ſhe endeavoured to make us eaſy by aſſuring us it was habitual, and we conſoled ourſelves in the hope of changing it by our affection and attention. After a few months the ſweet creature begged leave to viſit the convent where ſhe had received her education, with ſuch earneſtneſs my heart was not proof againſt her entreaties; I ſuffered the bloſſom of beauty to encounter the danger of an early blight; miſtaken indulgence! ill-fated Maria! Whom, dear

ruined

ruined girl, didſt thou deceive! Why ſhould I thus affect your feeling heart? My child, my dear lovely blooming child, had been ſeen by the reptile Reſtive; he did not flatter her with riches, rank, or power, for *ſhe* was ſuperior to thoſe common arts of ſeduction. At a banker's, where only ſhe viſited, he was introduced to her as the ſon of ſorrow, as a *poor ruined man*; Maria had learned of the holy ſiſterhood, the calm pleaſure of adminiſtering comfort to the diſtreſſed; it was the firſt precept of religion ſhe had been taught; the language of conſolation was her's—artful and dangerous, he affected to find happineſs only in her ſociety; — ſhe, he ſaid, gave him acquieſcence to the Divine Will; ſhe conſoled him under his misfortunes: *he*, oh villain, villain! led *her* to deſtruction; a marriage fabricated for the black purpoſe of deſtroying innocence, was the bait by which he tempted her to make her firſt excurſion; and deceived the moſt guileleſs and unſuſpecting of the creation. All hope of retrieving

trieving his circumſtances, he ſaid, depended on the will of a moroſe old uncle; on that plea, he bound my child to a ſecret, from which her father was excluded. A pretence to viſit the convent a ſecond time anſwered the purpoſe of bringing to light the miſerable victim of his inhumanity; my indulgence was ſo far from conquering her melancholy, that after every excurſion, it encreaſed.

At length Sir James returned to England, and accident diſcloſed the fatal ſecret to a wretched father: *Now*, ſaid my child, I am abſolved of my vow, my father's heart is the ſeat of honour; *I* that am his child, the darling of his age, will not plant there the dagger of ſhame; to him we may ſafely reveal our marriage, and the reaſons for concealing it. Behold, oh! my father! a daughter whom love has betrayed into an act of diſobedience, but whom no temptation could ſeduce into one diſhonour; with the irriſtible ornaments of truth and ſincerity, did the unſuſpecting ſufferer reveal the ſtory of her love.—True, his lips

lips did not confirm her tale, but neither did they contradict it, and I thought his ſilence was a ſufficient proof of her veracity. Fond, fooliſh, credulous old man, I took him to my heart, to my confidence, conſented to conceal the marriage, ſuffered my child to lye-in in my houſe, and bore the contempt of the world which ſuppoſed me privy to her undoing—"

A guſh of grief ſtopped the venerable man for ſome moments, Clara's tears flowed, nor was the inſenſible Jemima wholly unaffected—He reſumed.

"His circumſtances were conſtantly embarraſſed; but he ſoon ſhould be, he ſwore, in affluence; ſoon in circumſtances to reward Maria's love, and repay every obligation to her family.—My eldeſt daughter's huſband was in partnerſhip with me in my buſineſs; too honeſt himſelf to ſuſpect complicated villainy in another, he became joint ſecurity with me for a large debt contracted by Sir James at an election buſineſs; but lady, I dwell not on *this*, nor the various ſtratagems by which he drained me

by

by degrees of my little all; had he left me and mine beggars, time might have mellowed our diſtreſs; but my child's honour, her peace of mind, oh!——

"Laſt week we had an execution put in our houſe for a ſum for which we were his ſecurities, and which he aſſured us he had paid; I wrote to him; *there*,"—ſaid the old man, trembling, and the colour mounting into his pale cheeks, while flaſhes of indignant fire diſpelled a ſtarting tear—"*there* is his anſwer."

Clara received it with eager curioſity and read,

Sir,

I CAN only ſay in anſwer to your's, I am very ſorry for the trouble I have involved you in; the beſt amends I can *now* make, is, to deal ingenuouſly with you; and I beg you will break the matter to your daughter in what way you think will leaſt affect her—ſhe is *not* my wife; *happily* I may ſay *for her* ſhe is *not*, for I am worſe than a beggar.—I have no uncle, nor ever had

had one, on whom I had any dependance; when you are ſure of that, I need ſay no more to convince you, the ſtory of the marriage was an invention of love; but I own, I feel great compunction for the diſtreſs in which I have involved your family. I am at this inſtant ſetting off for Scotland with a young lady, infinitely too good for the purpoſes of retrieving my ſhattered fortune; my reſolutions towards *her*, are, to make what amends will be in my power, for the deception I am practiſing, and towards *you*, to repay you amply for all your kindneſs, to ſettle, on Maria and her children, a comfortable ſufficiency; it is all I can now do—Poor Maria, ſhe deſerves a better fate.

J. R——.

Clara returned the letter. "I ſhudder, Sir, but, pray, go on."

"I was out when the letter was brought; my dear girl, ſhe had not ſeen him for a longer period than he had ever yet left her; his hand and ſeal was *too—too* well known; her

her impatience opened it—Ah! my God! I was ſent for—what a ſight for a father!

"My Maria was fallen ſenſeleſs on the floor, ſhe had ſtruck her head againſt a piece of furniture, the blood ſtreamed from the wound with an alarming rapidity, *that* was the only evidence that ſhe yet exiſted; her face was the emblem of death, and her breath totally impenetrable—the proof of *her* ſhame, of *my* diſhonour, yet in her hand.

"Convulſions firſt, and then delirium ſucceeded; twenty-four hours her gentle delicate frame, was, by the agonies of her mind, rendered too powerful for our ſtrength, we were obliged to tye her down; that outrageous phrenzy at length gave way to a grievous ſadneſs—Father, my father, beloved, moſt honoured parent, groaned the poor girl, ſtop this fatal marriage, reſcue unſuſpecting innocence; I am indeed his wedded wife, ſoon will the barbarian be at liberty, ſoon will my eyes loſe the power of weeping, for the ſorrow I give the beſt of fathers.—Oh, prevent this

this laſt cruel ſtroke of guilt; follow him, ſave a virtuous woman from deſtruction.—Faintings that intervened did not weaken her entreaties; ſhe continued urging me; my other daughter, her honeſt huſband, their infant family (although this marriage was the only means that could preſerve them from ruin) united in calling on me for compaſſion to the deſtined victim of his villainy, and vengeance on *him*. But oh, cried my dying child, let not my father break the commandment of God, let him not embrue his hand in human blood; God preſerve my father from the guilt of murder—purſue the callous deſtroyer, do juſtice, but love mercy.

"I conſulted an attorney, who ſhocked at the villainy my ſad heart too juſtly painted, accompanied me here; I have arreſted Sir James for the various ſums he owes me; and you have now, madam, my moſt miſerable hiſtory; I know you have wealth enough to relieve him, you may yet marry him, if"—

"Stop,

"Stop, Sir, for God's ſake—I marry him; I unite my fate to a deſtroyer of innocence; Clara Elton add a tear to weeping age, inflict deſpair on a ſorrowing mother, and rob her children of their real father? *Nor* this journey, diſgraceful as it is to me, will teach me a leſſon of many years experience, if you, Sir, can point out a way how I may expreſs my compaſſion for you, and your daughter? How teſtify my gratitude to you as the means of my narrow eſcape from ſhame and miſery? I ſhall rejoice to hear it from you. Here on this ſpot ends my *Juvenile Indiſcretions*; from hence will I inſtantly ſet out to my good guardian's, nor ever more tempt Misfortune by truſting my own wiſdom, till it has received the ſanction of his.—Jemima, if you will adopt my ſentiments, as I have long adopted your's, my guardian is the fountain of benevolence, *he will* be a much more honourable reſource than Sir James Reſtive; I will try my influence with him for your mother, but I am now ſo convinced of his judgment, and ſo doubtful

doubtful of my own, that what he forbids I will not do—I leave you to conſider;" and, haſtily riſing, ſhe ordered a chaiſe and four, gave the old gentleman her addreſs, and the bill having been diſcharged by Sir James—"Now, Jemima, in an inſtant reſolve," cried ſhe, with an alacrity which agreeably ſurpriſed the ſtranger.

Jemima conſidered, and re-conſidered; ſhe well knew the conduct of her family would not bear the ſcrutiny of Mr. Franklin, and, conſcious they did not merit it, ſhe could hardly hope for his favour; however, it was the laſt reſource; Clara's eyes were opened; it was in vain to hope they could carry ſuch another ſcheme into execution; but though her judgment was no longer to be impoſed on, ſhe had yet her weak ſide, and Jemima knew it; the compaſſion of her nature was unblunted by experience, ſhe therefore gladly accepted the offered kindneſs; and the ſame hour that brought Mr. Franklin to London in conſequence of her elopement, carried the young penitent to Ether in purſuit of him.

The

The fair travellers were received with great politeneſs by Mr. Downe, and a proportionable quantity of reſerve by his lady. Clara's heart bounded as ſhe entered the room, where ſhe had ſpent ſo many happy hours with Henry; and it recoiled, when ſhe recollected they were for ever paſſed, and never to be renewed.

Mrs. Downe always loved Clara; ſhe ſoon conquered her averſion to handſome young women, in her favour; but nothing could prevail on her to treat Jemima with common civility; very impolitely, ſhe would only ſuffer Clara to ſit with her in her dreſſing-room, whoſe taſte ſhe conſulted on the ornament of her toilet, the ſtudy of which, as in affairs of more moment, if we dare call it a luxury, wholly ſupplanted the hiſtories both of Greece and Rome; it did not, indeed, deſtroy her Oliverian ſpirit; for, as it happened, Mr. Downe choſe to be of the Jacobite party, and the contradicting him was one of the greateſt pleaſures ſhe could enjoy; her avidity, after every proof to ſupport her own ſide of the argument,

kept up ſome inclination for reading; though the hiſtory, the produce of all her ſtudy and learning, lay by unfiniſhed.

In thoſe unſocial intervals, what could poor Jemima do with herſelf? Mr. Franklin had a fine library of books, but they were horridly choſen, hardly a novel in it; walks there were in abundance, but not a creature to ſee, or what was of more importance, to be ſeen by; it ſignified nothing going abroad, one might as well ſtay at home to hear a married man talk nonſenſe, as to work; her eyes were weak, and of all earthly things Jemima hated it.

Mr. Downe was very polite, he was always at the command of a fine woman, and being the only perſon, within reach of ſaying a civil thing to her, he was on the point of commencing Flirt to Miſs Napper.

The true Oliverian ſpirit could not ſuffer that; her great original only had ſpies in all parts of the world; his copy had alſo her's in all parts of Ether Manor.

Clara hinted to her friend, that Mr. Downe's particular attention to her diſ-

pleaſed

pleaſed his lady; but Jemima declared ſhe had no notion of humouring ſuch old frumps; ſhe deſerved to be tormented for her folly; ſetting her ridiculous head, firſt on one handſome fellow, and then another; dreſſing the old ewe lamb-faſhion, ſtalking into the dining parlour like the fore horſe of their own team, adorned with all their gew-gaws, except bells; frightening every body with her ſpiteful looks and diſguſting manners; indeed, the old woman might fume, but ſhe ſhould divert herſelf; what elſe was there in that hideous manſion to prevent the horrors.

Clara looked grave, but even *ſhe* could ſay nothing in vindication of the lady's hoſpitality or politeneſs.

The truth was, Mrs. Downe, though very jealous of her huſband, was too *wiſe* to be rational; inſtead, therefore, of endeavouring by good humour and indulgence, to render the matrimonial yoke eaſy; (which conſidering *his* mate, muſt be a little galling to a young man) her rage, at him, who could not write legibly, and hardly

ſpell a ſyllable, preſuming to know any one thing as well as her, whom he had flattered with being a paragon of wiſdom and learning, was only to be equalled by her contempt of a man, who could have ſuch a jewel in his poſſeſſion, and be ſo provokingly inſenſible of its value.

That ſhe had raiſed him from a ſtate of indigence and dependence, to one of eaſe and affluence; that ſhe had made the ſon of her brother's ſteward to be maſter of his houſe; was a part of his obligations to her, ſhe never remembered; her heart was really above all mercenary ideas, and the only ties, which could have power to bind *him*, were thoſe on which *ſhe* ſet no value; bickering, diſcontent and jealouſy on her part, were continually anſwered with contempt, ill-humour, and neglect on his; ſo that never was learning and wiſdom yoked with youth and folly, with more diſadvantages, and leſs proſpects of felicity.

Her diſlike of Jemima, without any real cauſe, was a ſtimulus to that young lady's pride to give her one; and though ſhe knew

knew better than to ſuffer herſelf to become the dupe of the folly (begging Mrs. Downe's pardon) of either the amorous huſband, or his learned wife, ſhe ſuffered the vanity of the one, and ſuſpicions of the other, to feed on her conduct; which, as extreme delicacy was not her foible, it was ſufficient for her, was not eſſentially guilty.

The hurricane this behaviour raiſed at Ether, greatly diſtreſſed Clara, who knew no one being in the neighbourhood but Mrs. Marſh; the diſagreeable ſcenes at the Manor, often (while ſhe waited for Mr. Franklin's anſwer to a letter ſhe had written him confeſſing her folly) drove her and her fair companion out; they would ſometimes call at the parſonage, and oftener at Mrs. Marſh's, where they met Mrs. Cadogan.

That good creature, who had juſt parted from her huſband, with great modeſty invited the young ladies to take tea under her humble roof, where the elegance of her ſentiments, and the propriety of her behaviour, with the benevolent diſpoſition ſhe diſ-

played, gave Miſs Elton a pleaſure ſhe had not conceived it poſſible to meet with in a country female.

Miſs Elton owed every thing that was amiable in her compoſition to nature; it is true ſhe was taught by the firſt maſters, French, muſic, dancing, drawing, and geography; ſhe excelled in each of thoſe polite accompliſhments, and ſhe found, in the admiration they excited, how advantageous thoſe were to a beautiful perſon; but it was not in Mrs. Napper's *power*, it was ſtill leſs her intereſt, to attend to the expanſion of her mind; and Mrs. Cadogan was aſtoniſhed to find a young lady apparently accompliſhed, ſo very deficient in that mental knowledge; which was, in her opinion, an indiſpenſible requiſite to a well bred woman.

Clara had not read much, and lucky it was, that the books at Mrs. Napper's were ſo little to her taſte, that ſhe ſeldom ſaw more of the half-bound volumes from the Eaſt Sheen library, than the titles and mere *denouements* of the few matters of facts they con-

contained.—The tireſome pedantry of her guardian's ſiſter, had given her a general diſlike to all other ſort of reading; but one evening's converſation with Mrs. Cadogan inſpired different ſentiments, and opened a new and delightful diſcourſe of amuſement.

Without the leaſt appearance of affectation, that good woman diſplayed the advantage of reading that world, where young ladies could not be conſpicuous, without great dangers; and ſhe repeated, with inimitable grace, quotations from ſome of her favorite authors—and added many ſentiments and maxims, entertaining as well as important in themſelves, and conſiſtent with the delicacy of her ſex.

Clara bluſhed at a deficiency ſhe had been inſenſible of before, and, at her return to the Manor, flew to the library, where (ſhe had taken it on the word of Jemima) there was not a book worth looking into—She ſoon found the authors Mrs. Cadogan had mentioned; and, fired with emulation,

greedily commenced a purſuit of knowledge.

There was no time that wanted filling up—no time would ſhe willingly loſe from the library, but that devoted to Mrs. Cadogan, to whom ſhe ingenuouſly acknowledged the obligation ſhe owed to her ſociety :—a new world was opening to her view, and ſources of pleaſure, ſhe had not thought of, appeared within her graſp.

Mr. Franklin's knowledge of her return to Ether, was protracted by his following her to the North; he traced her at every ſtage, and, to his infinite ſurprize, heard at Berwick the arreſt of the gentleman, and the return of the lady ; from thence, to his unſpeakable joy, he likewiſe traced her to Ether, where, when he arrived, and heard from her modeſt lips, a confeſſion of her imprudence, and a ſolemn promiſe of being in future wholly governed by him, the exceſs of his joy is not to be conceived.

Miſs Elton was as good as her word ; ſhe urged Mrs. Napper's intereſt ſo warmly, that though Mr. Franklin felt himſelf exceedingly

ceedingly enraged againſt that family—he very readily ſacrificed his *own* judgment to *her* will, and ſent immediately orders to his attorney to call on Mrs. Napper, advance her what money would ſettle her affairs, and enable her to go on with her ſchool; and, incredible as it may ſeem, it is an actual fact, that though the affair of Miſs Elton, and the governeſs's ſhare in the tranſaction, was publicly known; though her extravagant imprudence was the talk of all who knew her, ſhe and her daughters had it no ſooner in their power to dreſs, and be ſeen in gay company, than ſhe became a proper perſon to educate young females; her ſchool filled—ſhe renewed her acquaintance (which had been wholly dropped) with Puffardo, and became of the utmoſt importance among the quality of Eaſt Sheen.

To Jemima Mr. Franklin was very generous. "I will try," ſaid he to himſelf, "by gratifying this girl's darling paſſion, *pride*, to make her, whoſe influence over Clara I moſt fear, a friend to propriety."

New cloaths, plenty of money, a pad for her own riding, and every wiſh gratified—one would ſuppoſe might ſatisfy Jemima; before ſhe had them, the idea of the happineſs they conferred on thoſe who were in poſſeſſion of ſuch things, was rapture; but there was ſomething more wanting—*what* to the mind of a young girl can poſſibly be of more importance than dreſs, money, and pleaſure, in poſſeſſion?

Simply, a lover out of poſſeſſion.

Jemima Napper, having nothing elſe to trouble her, took it into her pretty head to fall in love. Enſign Wells was the object of her charming paſſion—how Enſign Wells came by ſuch an abundant piece of good fortune nobody can tell—as he was neither handſome, witty or rich, but

"The lover ſees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt."

Beſides, he wore a red coat, and a cockade, and finally, was the only ſingle man in the pariſh, Mr. Franklin excepted, who had the leaſt pretenſion to put gent. to his name.

Terri-

Terrible havoc, indeed, was the little god making at the Manor; what was ſport to the gay Jemima, was death to poor Downe; a handſome young girl was an object of too great danger to be ſported with, by a young man, who was yoked to an old woman whom he hated—he ſeriouſly liked Jemima; and, at the time ſhe became enamoured of Wells, he had ſettled the point within himſelf—that a trip to the continent with the lovely Jemima in one hand, and a full graſp of old Franklin's riches in the other, would be no bad thing. —The jealouſy of his wife was a ſubject he better underſtood from his obſervation on Wells and Jemima, which poiſoned all his other enjoyments—this was the conſequence of one ſort of love. Some of my readers, though, perhaps, not all, may know there are two; *North* and *South*, good and evil, or any of the moſt oppoſite things in nature cannot be more different than the effects from thoſe two different cauſes, and Mr. Downe's jealouſy was of that ſort which Rochefoucault deſcribes as having

"Leſs love than ſelf-love in it."

Clara Elton became more and more a favorite with Mrs. Downe and her brother; the latter again took delight in the Manor; Clara read to him, walked out—ſung—played—and, in ſhort, Mr. Franklin one day folding her to his heart, could not help giving a ſigh to the memory of poor Dellmore.

"Oh, my dear ward," ſaid the good man, "there was once a youth whoſe heart was worthy of yours—one whoſe generous, noble diſpoſition, ought to have been united to Clara Elton—poor Henry'"——Clara ſtarted.

"But he is married, Sir."

"Married!" repeated Mr. Franklin, "to whom?"

"Why, ſir," anſwered ſhe, bluſhing, "had he not your ſanction to marry Miſs Orthodox?"

This queſtion opened a ſubject to which Clara was a ſtranger, and gave freſh life to hopes that were almoſt extinguiſhed.

With great delicacy Mr. Franklin ſlightly hinted at Lavinia's ill conduct and deceit

deceit—and tenderly touched on his ſiſter's madneſs—as he called it; but when Henry was the ſubject, then he was eloquence itſelf; the genuine virtues of his ſoul were, he declared, too ſublime for mortality—it was neceſſary there ſhould be a ſmall alloy, he would elſe be too dazzling for human nature. The fondneſs of his affection had treaſured up every commendable act in his memory; with what pleaſure did he repeat the ſeveral inſtances of a noble and ingenuous diſpoſition, that had endeared him to his heart, while, parent like, all his faults were buried in a partial oblivion.—The ſtory of the Curate was confirmed by Mrs. Cadogan; and Clara, though ſhe was far from loſing her newly acquired reliſh for books, found, in the willing tribute of gratitude, which that good woman was ever ready to pay to the memory of Dellmore, more wiſdom, more ſentiment, and more ſterling wit than all that was ever ſaid or written on any other ſubject.

But the delight of recalling to her idea the firſt pleaſures of her imagination, being

being attended with the moſt anxious wiſhes for the recovery of the object of her affection, Clara entreated her guardian to make freſh enquiries after him; and as ſhe had ſeen him in London, to take that opportunity of enquiring after the unfortunate old gentleman to whoſe interference ſhe was indebted for her preſervation from ruin.

Clara could not make a requeſt that Mr. Franklin would refuſe; he went to London at her deſire, but returned without the leaſt ſucceſs in his reſearches after Dellmore; he was more fortunate in the other matter—he found the old gentleman on the point of ruin—a verdict had been juſt obtained againſt him and his ſon-in-law, as ſecurities for Sir James Reſtive, for a large ſum which he was totally unable to pay; I preſume, I need not ſay Mr. Franklin advanced the money.

He did—and not only that, but gave his attorney orders to aſſiſt them in caſe of any future trouble on the ſame account—he found that the love of the daughter, which

in

in her dying moments had ſurmounted all ſenſe of the injuries ſhe had ſuffered, had prevailed on her father to liberate Sir James, who was ſailed for India on an appointment from government, leaving, however, as his laſt act, a power of attorney in behalf of Maria's children.

Clara heard of Mr. Franklin's goodneſs to her deliverer, as ſhe always called him with thankful pleaſure, but as ſhe had given way to hopes, which were too ſanguine, not to hurt her in their diſappointment, ſhe grieved in ſecret, and tired of every thing about her, or within her reach, ſhe vainly flattered herſelf that a change of ſcene would beget a change of ſentiment, and ſhe took advantage of a diſorder which ſeized Mrs. Downe, to perſuade them to comply with Doctor Gregory's advice, and go to the Spa.

Mrs. Downe would not go if Jemima was of the party.

Mr. Downe would not leave Jemima.

Thoſe were the ſecret reſolutions that each of theſe perſonages choſe to keep to themſelves, but which each were re-

ſolved

ſolved to perſevere in; ſo that the journey to the Spa would have dropped, had not an alteration in the looks of Clara viſibly to the diſadvantage of the roſes in her cheeks, determined Mr. Franklin to change the ſcene—his authority had great weight at Ether Manor—intereſt bound its inhabitants to obey him; but the influence of love, was ſtill greater, it ſurpaſſed even intereſt.

Mrs. Downe, indeed, having in a very ſhort period, as is cuſtomary with all eager appetites, ſufficiently ſatisfied her curioſity, in the enjoyment of matrimonial delight with a young man, was leſs determined—ſpight, towards the man who was continually ſending mortifying truths home to her feelings, was *her* motive—and it would have been done away eaſier, had not the ſudden reſolution of her huſband to ſtay at Ether on particular buſineſs, inſtantly followed Jemima's wiſh to take that opportunity of viſiting her mother, and rendered her as obſtinate from oppoſition, as her huſband was from a ſtill more blameable motive.

Mrs.

Mrs. Downe would finiſh her hiſtory; and Doctor Orthodox, prodigiouſly well qualified for her biographer, by the almoſt total loſs of his own memory, and for her aſſiſtant, by the rapid decline of every ſenſe but one, namely, that of taſting; being again eſtabliſhed at Ether by the kindneſs of the Squire, and backed by Mrs. Downe, he firmly reſolved not to ſuffer the ſelf-dubb'd authority of the upſtart Downe again to prevent him from enjoying the ſweets of good living—not that the Doctor ſtinted himſelf in that indulgence at home, but

"Light in the dance and doubly ſweet the lays,
"When for the dear delight another pays."

And he rejoiced in again returning to the labours of the cloſet.

Jemima's wiſh to remain in England did not now affect Clara, as much as a reſolution to deprive her of her ſociety would have done a few months back; ſhe was, indeed, yet much attached to her, and ſtill, from mere habit, fond of her company; but the ſtate of Clara's mind was not now

ſo

ſo well adapted to that of Jemima's—ſhe was ſenſible of the time ſhe had loſt, and very eager to improve the preſent, but ideas that ſhe could not reſiſt, conſtantly crouding themſelves betwixt her eyes and the books ſhe moſt wiſhed to be acquainted with, and a perpetual habit of ſighing, reminded her of the ſomething neceſſary to her happineſs; that ſomething ever appeared to her wiſhes in the form of Henry Dellmore—ſo that the benefit of Mrs Cadogan's precepts and example was nearly loſt in the inquietude of her mind, while the ſimple, flighty, inconſiderable Jemima's utmoſt efforts could not amuſe her.

But though Mrs. Cadogan's underſtanding ceaſed to fill her with emulation, there was ſtill a ſomething in her that rendered her a moſt pleaſing companion to Miſs Elton, and that was, a diſpoſition, the inſtant he was mentioned, to run out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on Henry Dellmore; his perſon—underſtanding—pleaſing manners—and, above all, his goodneſs of heart, were themes on which ſhe ſpoke with

with almoſt as much delight as Clara heard her; now Jemima never having herſelf found out any of his good qualities, except his fine eyes—hair—teeth—and handſome figure, all of which was, in her opinion, ſurpaſſed in Mr. Wells, ſhe could not poſſibly point them out to Clara—conſequently her converſation became inſipid, in the ſame degree as Mrs. Cadogan's grew intereſting.

When therefore, to ſo many other objections to the Spa journey, was added, the want of a proper companion for Clara, ſhe begged Jemima might be indulged, and ſince her guardian was ſo good as to take the journey merely on her account, as Mrs. Downe, for whom it was firſt intended would not go, ſhe aſked his permiſſion to engage Mrs. Cadogan.

The pleaſure this requiſition gave Mr. Franklin, was in proportion to the affection he bore his ward; he rejoiced in the hope of weaning her from an attachment to the frivolous object that had hitherto engroſſed her friendſhip; and he was too well

well acquainted with Mrs. Cadogan's good underſtanding, to doubt but her accompanying them in their trip to the continent would be of the moſt ſerious advantage to Clara.

Mrs. Cadogan's maternal feelings on leaving her children, very properly gave way to the requeſt of her benefactor, and the Spa excurſion was made without the perſon for whoſe health it was preſcribed. But change of ſcene had not the power over the mind of Miſs Elton, that Mr. Franklin wiſhed and ſhe expected; a ſhort reſidence abroad ſerved to raiſe her anxious expectation from England—her trembling eagerneſs was at laſt, as her fond hope foreboded, gratified by news of Henry.

But what news—the ſituation of mind in which they found the amiable Quaker, her tears and lamentations, and the ſolicitude of her huſband to diſcover the loſt youth, rendered it impoſſible to keep ſecret from them, the cauſe of her diſtreſs, had it been rendered neceſſary by any lapſe

from

from virtue in the former part of her life—but that was happily not the caſe with Mrs. Burgeſs.

CHAPTER LV.

Juvenile Indiſcretions of a fair Quaker.

REBECCA was the daughter of one of the moſt rigid of her ſect, ſo incruſted in the formality, and ſtrict adherence to every the minuteſt part of their cuſtoms and religion, were Zephaniah Fry and Rebecca his wife, that they held common converſation with the profane, as they termed thoſe of every other faith, in the ſtrongeſt abhorrence, as a breach of their own purity, and as a deviation from the ſanctity they avowed. Zephaniah was very rich, and perfectly contented with his lot—although for many years he was not bleſſed with a child; in the decline of their days, however, his wife, who was very earneſt in her prayers for an offſpring, to inherit their wealth,

wealth, had them anſwered in the birth of a daughter, who was named Rebecca after her mother.

They had now an object, on which it was hardly poſſible for an unintereſted perſon to look without pleaſure, that filled *them* with thankful rapture, and that bound to the world their wiſhes and their hopes.

The young Quaker grew up beautiful beyond deſcription; ſhe was admired by all people, and all ſects who ſaw her; the frigid diſpoſition of her parents relaxed in their love of their beautiful child; and though they continued the ſtricteſt puritans in their religion, they ſuffered their darling to receive a liberal education.

The gentleneſs of her nature—the ſoftneſs of her diſpoſition—and the ſimple elegance of her manner, rendered the young Rebecca a favorite; with thoſe who could view her beauty with the coldneſs of a ſtoic, ſhe was univerſally beloved, and as univerſally admired.

The tenderneſs of her parents was returned by her with the moſt grateful affection, and

and dutiful adherence to the religion they profeſſed; and as ſhe grew to years of maturity, their indulgence left her the free choice of her heart, with one only reſtriction, which her own inclinations would themſelves have pointed out; for though ſhe was not quite ſo rigid in her notions as her father, ſhe was from principle a ſtrict Quaker; when, therefore, her parents told her, if ſhe ſwerved from their principles, or endangered the purity of her own heart, by yoking with a mate of a different religion, that ſuch her deviation from the faith of her forefathers would end their days in ſadneſs, and bring deſtruction on herſelf, ſhe would aſſent with ſmiles to their ſentiments, and, ſecure in herſelf, affirm ſhe was in no danger.

Their reſidence was at Penſylvania; their acquaintance and converſation were among their own people; but the fair Quaker was too lovely to eſcape the notice and admiration of the whole province.

When a ſtranger arrived, or at the return of any who had been carried to Penſylvania by

by buſineſs or pleaſure, the firſt and conſtant queſtion was—have you ſeen the fair Quaker? The fame of her beauty excited general curioſity, and which does not often happen to celebrated beauties—the gratification of that curioſity was ſure to be ſucceeded by ſincere admiration.

"Here was the naked beauty and the living grace,
"Which needed neither gold nor ornaments."

And under the pure unſullied robe of innocence, her plain brown dreſs appeared elegance itſelf.

Zephaniah Fry had a country houſe a few miles from the capital of the province; one bias, and only one he had; towards what ſome very abſtruſe perſons would deem a luxury, he had an ardent paſſion for the cultivation of flowers, and next to the fame of his daughter's beauty, that of his garden was an object that attracted general notice.

Every beauty of Art and Nature was blended at the Oatlands (the name of his ſeat); Order and Neatneſs were ſeen as handmaids to the Naïades,

Naïades, and Woodland Nymphs; the pleaſure grounds exhibited, at one view, the bloom of ſpring, the full delights of ſummer, and the ripened plenty of autumn. How, indeed, could the Oatland gardens fail to reach perfection, when the lovely young Rebecca was her father's conſtant companion in the walks, and when her taſte was added to his judgment, and experience. Summer months were always paſſed at this delightful retreat, from whence they ſeldom returned, to their warmer dwelling in town, till the cold became too intenſe for the weak conſtitution of Mrs. Fry.

Rebecca was in her ſeventeenth year, when her father was, for the firſt time in his life, taken with a fit of the gout, which, as it happened in June, interrupted his favorite amuſement, but his daughter ſtill continued her attendance on the opening beauties of Nature.

She was one morning viewing a plant ſhe had herſelf ſet; and, thinking it wanted pruning, called to a perſon who was at work near her and bid him bring her a

ſmall pair of garden ſhears, which had been made for her; he obeyed. The extreme whiteneſs of his hands drew her attention, her eyes were rivited on a face that appeared pale and languid, and ſurprize ſucceeded curioſity; as ſhe obſerved, he ſtudiouſly tried to avoid the ſcrutiny of her glances, and reſumed his labour, although his trembling hands could with difficulty hold the pot with which he was watering a parterre of flowers.

"What aileth thee friend?" ſaid ſhe, after having taken notice of his continued trembling, as he preſented, at her command, a roſe that he gathered—"Why art thou thus kept to labour? thy looks are ſorry recommendations to thy abilities? I wonder if Jaſper will employ thee—here, take this"—offering him money.—"get thee a habitation, retrieve thy ſtrength, and when thou art able return to labour." To her further aſtoniſhment, the gardener rejected, in ſilence, the offered money.

"Nay, art thou offended?" continued ſhe, ſtruck at his manners, and the expreſſion

preſſion of grief in his countenance—"I meant not—why wilt thou not accept my proffered kindneſs?"

The garb in which the young man appeared was in character with her religion, coarſe and plain; but his expreſſions and geſtures, while he ſpoke, had ſomething more than common in them, and his eyes, ſtill more expreſſive than his words, filled her with aſtoniſhment. The approach of Jaſper called the young man to his work, and Rebecca returned to the houſe, her mind filled with an uneaſy kind of curioſity that kept her ſilent. The day appeared much too long, every hour paſſed with leaden wings, and the next morning ſhe went earlier than uſual to the garden.

Again a flower was commanded; again the obedience of the labourer was accompanied with an ague fit; the moſt indifferent queſtion from the fair Quaker brought paſſion into his eyes, and the colour into his cheeks; her curioſity continued; it increaſed with the obſervation, that the object of it was one of the moſt perfect crea-

tures ſhe had hitherto ſeen—Morning after morning Rebecca received her flowers from the ſame hand; ſoon the bloom of health re-animated his features, and ſoon Rebecca learnt the language of his eyes, though his tongue was ever ſilent, except in anſwer to her queſtions.

The pleaſure the fair Quaker felt in thoſe interviews, was all that for a time occupied her thoughts; morning was to *her* the ſeaſon of delight; the fragrance of the opening flowers, the bloom of carnations, the ſweet ſcent of the blown roſe, were ever pleaſant, they were now infinitely more ſo; and if there was one that had any particular beauty in its ſcent or form, the young gardener was ſure to mark it for *her* obſervation.

That thoſe attentions were highly pleaſing to her, that the ſervices of ſo handſome, ſo engaging a ſervant, *was* far more acceptable than thoſe offered by Jaſper, Ephraim, or John, was a matter ſhe did not think required ſecrecy; but it was not, as every other ſenſation of her mind had always

always hitherto been, revealed to her parents.

For this reſerve ſhe would have been puzzled to aſſign a cauſe, but the feelings of her heart were ſoon elucidated.

One fine morning Rebecca went according to her now conſtant cuſtom to the garden, there were only Jaſper and Ephraim, her friend was not to be ſeen, every walk was explored, all the green-houſes and hot-houſes were looked into half an hour longer than uſual, ſhe wandered in ſearch of the ſomething wanting—the morning was extremely fine, but there was a heavineſs in the air that affected her breath, ſhe retired to her chamber and burſt into tears.

The day—Oh, what a day !—It at laſt paſſed with the morning light, Rebecca viſited the garden, her heart palpitated, her eyes were ſtretched, vainly ſtretched in ſearch of what was not to be found; again her ſtay exceeded the uſual time—neither on that, or any ſucceeding morning, was the young floriſt to be ſeen.

At laſt her diſtreſs inſpired her with courage—" What, Jaſper, haſt thou done with the young man who managed the flowers ?"

" Verily, I know not, anſwered Jaſper, what has happened to him, he hath abſented himſelf, and moreover hath not received the money due to him—I fear he is ſick.

" Was he one of our people," aſked Rebecca ? " Nay, nay," replied Jaſper, " but he was ſkilful in labour among the flowers."

" Well, but can'ſt thou not enquire after him, if he be ſick he may need his money, he is a Chriſtian—he may be in want."

" Yea, and for that reaſon, I have laboured to find him, but he is not to be found."

Poor Rebecca walked in at the concluſion of this dialogue, and again wept her diſappointment.

The garden became more dear to her from the recollection of him who was but too conſtantly

conſtantly the object of her thoughts, morning, noon and evening; her body hovered where her ſpirit conſtantly was. Ten days after ſhe firſt miſſed the young gardener, walking at moonlight by a canal ſhaded with cedars, alarmed by a noiſe behind her, ſhe ſtarted; an elegant figure approached, it had ſcarlet cloaths on, and it gliſtened with gold, it was arrayed in the raiment of the workers of vanity, ſhe was haſtening away, it purſued her, it kneeled at her feet, it called her its fate, its voice was that of the young floriſt; but alas! it was no Quaker.

What a tale did it unfold to a girl of ſeventeen! whoſe ſoul, pure and white as the ſnow from heaven, melted at his words—He was of Engliſh parentage, a ſoldier of family, he had been wounded in an engagement with the French and Indians, had come to ſick quarters at Penſylvania, had followed the croud to ſee the beautiful Quaker—had looked—loved—and deſpaired—yet eager to feaſt his eyes where his ſoul's treaſure was fixed, and having

from early youth been fond of the cultivation of flowers, he had taken on him the habit of a labourer, and in that diſguiſe long watched her ſteps before *ſhe* had obſerved him;—he now came to take a parting look; the army was again under marching orders: he might not ſurvive to return, he did not indeed wiſh it; ſince, as he was acquainted with her parents inexorable ſentiments, as well as hopeleſs of her favour, life was a miſery to him.

She wept as he uttered the laſt ſentence; he was kneeling—humbly kneeling—her garment only did he venture to touch—"Oh, thou, my ſoul adores," continued he, looking up to her face, "what is the difference of common forms—are we not all children of the ſame father, and oh, that I could ſay, victims to the ſame paſſion."

Tender and fond the tears ſtreamed from Rebecca's eyes—they dropped on the face of the young ſoldier.

"Doſt thou then pity me, cried he, are thoſe thy tears—ſay, doſt thou pity me."

Rebecca

Rebecca could not anſwer with her tongue, but the ſoldier was encouraged—he could ſoon change his queſtion—"doſt thou, Rebecca, doſt thou love?" With extatic tranſport, with rapture inexpreſſible, he ſaw ſhe did—nor did the guileleſs creature ſeek to deny it; unconſcious of guilt ſhe confeſſed he was the world to her, would her parents but conſent.

Death was in the thought; full well the lover knew it was impoſſible—the cold ſweat ſtood on his forehead, he implored her not to venture his ſenſes on that riſk—if they but ſuſpect—if it is but hinted, I know I ſhall ſee thee no more. Rebecca heſitated, ſhe reflected on her duty to her parents, her religion and her principles; Reaſon painted them all in too forcible a light to be eaſily overcome, but they were ſtill leſs potent than her affection for the amiable ſoldier—unable to reſolve on parting, ſhe agreed to another meeting.

The influence of duty leſſened as that of love encreaſed, and every interview with her lover added to her affection: in

the courſe of a few days, poſitive orders arrived that the ſoldier muſt join his regiment—what diſtraction now rent his breaſt, what anguiſh hers—he dreaded the gentleneſs of her nature—her ſenſe of duty, her obedience to her parents, had their objections been vincible, had they depended on honour, on wealth, or on glory, hope would have warmed his heart—but here he had mountains to level, bigots to convince, religious zeal to overcome, prejudices almoſt born with them to remove from the boſom of age—well he knew it was not to be done, and ſhould they, during his abſence, eſpouſe the intereſt of one of their own ſect—ſhould they urge their gentle child—how would her ſweetneſs oppoſe their obſtinacy.

Rebecca ſtarted, burſt into tears, affirmed ſhe would ſee him no more.

The ſoldier threw himſelf at her feet, implored pardon, was forgiven, and offended again.

What could love and poor ſeventeen do? Rebecca was united to her lover in the preſence

preſence of a female friend, a Quaker, by the Chaplain of the regiment, under a ſolemn vow on the part of the huſband, not to claim his bride, during the life of her parents—in a few hours after the ceremony they parted.

The female, whom Rebecca intruſted with this important ſecret, was her ſecond couſin, and ſiſter to Mr. Burgeſs, who was then paſſionately in love with his beautiful relation; thro' her medium all letters were to paſs from the huſband to the bride—wretched Rebecca, ſhe was not deſtined to receive one.—In a ſkirmiſh through a wood in their way to the army, the party he commanded was cut to pieces by the Indians—her huſband was killed and his ſcalp carried to the enemy's quarters.

The agony this news gave to Rebecca threw her into a fever, from which ſhe was not expected to recover; but its violence, contrary to the opinion of the faculty, gave way to her youth and excellent conſtitution—ſhe was reſtored to ſorrow as unceaſing as it was unavailing.

"This," ſaid Rebecca to her couſin, "this is the reward of diſobedience—this is the conſequence of a deviation from our principles of religion—but, oh! my dear, my beloved huſband, that I, inſtead of thou, had been the victim!

A ſhort period convinced her the marriage could not without great difficulty be concealed—ſhe was pregnant—her good couſin, who was under an engagement to an Engliſh merchant, delayed her voyage but till the painful moment was paſt.

Daniel Burgeſs, the brother, was at that time making propoſals to old Zephaniah and his wife for their daughter; he procured their conſent, but the ill health of the young friend obliged him to defer making his application to her—he had a houſe in another province; change of air was ordered for the unhappy bride—her friend propoſed inviting her there, but then it was neceſſary to make the brother a confidant; Rebecca conſented, and Daniel had the miſery of hearing that the object of his love had been the wedded wife of another—but

Daniel's

Daniel's heart was filled with the "milk of human kindneſs;" her misfortunes added to thoſe charms which were before ſeraphic—he engaged his ſervice, and received the idol of his ſoul with every appearance of brotherly love.

From his houſe, they continued to follow one excuſe with another, till Rebecca was delivered of a fine boy, which her couſin kept concealed till ſhe went to England, whither ſhe took him with her, and at her arrival placed him under the care of a faithful honeſt perſon, in the vicinity of the metropolis.

Meanwhile Rebecca's father and mother, being very far advanced in years, had but one wiſh—it was to ſee their darling ſettled. Daniel Burgeſs continued on terms of friendſhip with the fair Quaker; but while he cheriſhed an unconquerable affection for her, the ſacredneſs of *her* grief prevented his ſaying a ſyllable of *his own*, till called on by Zephania for the reaſon why he did not proſecute a ſuit to his daughter, which had received his ſanction.

A perſon

A perſon leſs delicate, leſs generous than the beautiful Rebecca, might have conſtrued this backward addreſs of her lover into want of affection—but *ſhe* ſaw the ſtruggles of his heart—he was in poſſeſſion of her only ſecret—the ſenſibility, the friendſhip he had ſhewn her in her ſorrows—the care with which he had guarded her fame—his faithful love, and the reſpectful manner in which he had repreſſed his own wiſhes, called for her gratitude, yet her heart was too firmly fixed on her firſt choice to be ſoon changed; ſhe heſitated, and delayed till her mother and father in one day took to their beds; and joined in entreating her to let them depart in the pleaſing certainty of leaving their only child ſecured from the wiles of an evil generation, which they could not be aſſured of but by ſeeing her united to their friend Burgeſs.

She obeyed the dying injunctions of her parents, and they ſurvived the event they deſired, Zephaniah four days only, his wife three weeks—and very ſoon after Mr. Burgeſs's removal to England was accelerated

ated by a ſummons for him to ſucceed his uncle in London.

Mrs. Burgeſs was impatient to ſee her infant; ſhe had received from her friend the moſt flattering account of him, he was the image of his father, and the loveliеſt of children; four years were elapſed ſince the death of her huſband, and ſhe determined, with Mr. Burgeſs's conſent, to introduce him to his father's family as ſoon as ſhe reached England; the riches Mr. Burgeſs inherited from his uncle, were very conſiderable; her's from her father beyond his expectations; whether they had, or had not a family, there would be abundance more than enough to provide for the child, in caſe his father's relations objected to receive him.

With all a mother's anxiety for the offſpring of the man ſhe doated on—with all the impatience of ardent maternal love, Mrs. Burgeſs reached her ſiſter-in-law's in London.

The good woman's face was clouded with grief—tears guſhed from her eyes

the

the inſtant ſhe ſaw Mrs. Burgeſs; inſtead of meeting her embrace, ſhe retreated from it, concealing her face in a handkerchief.

The mother's fond enquiries were anſwered with ſighs; and the agony this conduct inflicted, encreaſed by an explanation of the cauſe.

I have ſaid that the child was placed at a ſmall village, under the care of a faithful dependant, and that he was doated on by his protectreſs and her huſband, who was enquiring for a ſchool fit to ſend him to; but their care was fruſtrated, and the lady's heart broken (as ſhe never had a day's health after) the villainy of ſome deſigning perſon, who ſtole the child from the door of its nurſe, and had done it with ſuch ſecrecy, and precaution, that no poſſible trace could be found where it was carried, altho' every ſtep was taken that human invention could ſuggeſt for that purpoſe; different ſums where offered for recovering the child; the laſt, a thouſand pounds; but not one circumſtance tranſpired that could give the leaſt ſatisfaction.

This

This was a thunder-bolt to the poor mother—tears, hyſtericks, and faintings were followed by a conſtant hectic habit, a continued fever on her ſpirits and weak nerves. The ſearch was recommenced with freſh vigour, but attended with no better ſucceſs. Mr. Burgeſs's ſiſter died in leſs than a year, and gratitude only could have induced Mrs. Burgeſs to wiſh to live; ſhe did, indeed, exiſt, but equally diſpoſſeſſed of health and peace.

The day the young officer parted from her, he wrote to his mother, in confidence, an account of his marriage, with the reſtrictions his wife laid on him not to claim her during the life of her parents, in order, if he did not return among the living, ſhe might if ſhe choſe it, be acknowledged by his family:—the lady, on hearing of her ſon's death, wrote to the young Quaker, and Rebecca rejoiced in the hope of preſenting her with the likeneſs of her lamented ſon; but deprived of that power, ſhe had never wiſhed to ſee any part of the family.

CHAP.

CHAPTER LVI.

A Wife's Reproof.

ON comparing the time when Mrs. Burgeſs's child was kidnapped, with the proofs of the death of Mrs. Dellmore, and the deſcription of the two children adduced on the trial, though by the eſcape of one evidence the impoſtor could not be identified; and on recollection of Henry's remarkable likeneſs to her huſband, Mrs. Burgeſs once more fondly flattered herſelf ſhe had found her ſon—found him, and in the ſame moment, more irretrievably loſt him than ever—hope had always hitherto animated her boſom, anxious as it was, ſtill it was hope; but a wanderer, delirious in a high fever—where—where could he be concealed; every means had failed to diſcover him; was it not likely, moſt likely he had fallen a victim either to the phrenzy or the fever? it was no longer in her power to ſupport her

her fate—ſhe ſunk under her ſorrow, and ſaw her approaching end with the calm reſignation of a fatigued traveller.

The tender grief of Clara Elton endeared that young lady to her heart, it was a ſweet, a melting proof of the merit of the youth, whom ſhe perſiſted in believing was her ſon, to ſee him ſincerely lamented by ſo amiable a young woman; and it was to Clara an inexhauſtible ſource, both of tranſport and grief, to hear from her the avowed tenderneſs, the delicate regard for her honour and peace, which filled the heart of Henry Dellmore, his ſentiments in her favour, to which ſhe had been hitherto a ſtranger, gave additional ſtrength both to her paſſion and regret. It was ſome conſolation, however, to be a comfort to his mother, to mingle tears and ſorrow with ſo amiable a woman, and to feel her partiality for Henry confirmed by the approbation of ſo many reſpectable characters.

Mrs. Cadogan, eager to ſee her children, ſet off for Ether as ſoon as they arrived, but ſhe left Clara at no loſs for a com-

companion, for although Jemima was not entirely baniſhed from her affections, ſhe enjoyed a melancholy pleaſure in the attachment ſhe felt to Mrs. Burgeſs.

Mr. Franklin, who received a preſſing requeſt from his ſiſter to return to Ether, had not yet learnt to put a negative on her wiſhes; and as Clara's ſociety was become ſo dear to the unhappy Mrs. Burgeſs, he conſented to leave her behind.

Change of air was the laſt preſcription the worthy Mr. Littleton could give the dying Quaker; it was of no importance to her where ſhe was carried; not the lively grief, the heart burſting-ſorrow of her huſband, not the unbounded poſſeſſion of wealth, nor any of the world's enjoyments could baniſh from her mind the laſt ſad diſappointment; but though in a ſtate of the utmoſt weakneſs, though it was painful to her to move even acroſs the room, ſhe conſented to the preſcription of the Doctor at the requeſt of her huſband, not becauſe ſhe was herſelf deſirous of life, but becauſe his life was wrapt in hers.

Briſtol,

Briſtol Hot Wells was the place fixed on for their invalid, and Clara went to Eaſt Sheen to ſee her old friends, previous to her leaving Clapham. The firſt perſon ſhe ſaw, on entering the parlour, was Mr. Downe, very gallantly entertaining Jemima; there was alſo on a tea viſit Mr. and Mrs. Puffardo, with the accompliſhed Billy Holcombe and another gentleman and lady. The firſt compliments were hardly paſſed when Mr. Puffardo recollected a monſtrous clever thing that had happened to him at the city aſſembly.

"You muſt know, Miſs Elton," ſaid the educator of young gentlemen, "that I and Billy Holcombe obtained tickets, and ſo I thought, as it was a polite place, and none there but people of character—none of your what d'ye call'm doings—none of your Bachanalians, or them ſort of things; nor none of your ſhabroon vulgar creatures, none but ſubſtantial people like myſelf—we'd go. For, you muſt know, Miſs Elton, though I keep a ſchool, I don't care *that* about it (ſnapping his fingers); I only keep

it

it for my divartion, nothing in the world elſe, and being an independant man, as I am, may be a gentleman as ſoon as I pleaſe."

"I wonder you don't pleaſe, Mr. Puffardo," cried Jemima, "I think it the pleaſanteſt thing in the world to be a gentleman—I wiſh any body would make a gentlewoman of me, ſee whether I would ſet a foot in a ſchool.

"Why, as to that, Miſs," anſwered Puffardo, "every body to their fancy, as the old woman ſaid, many men, many minds, what's one man's meat is another man's poiſon; I can take my friend by the hand when and where I pleaſe; what of that, I muſt have my divarſions, I muſt unbend, I might be introduced among the great, but Lord as I ſay, what ſarvice can that be of to me; a certain friend of mine ſays to me, Puffardo, ſays he, you're loſing your time in this here low way, ſays he, you are a man, ſays he, of that ſenſe and abilities, ſays he, and ſays he, I know you are rich; why, I denied it, but, Lord, he knew better; you are, ſays he, I know

you

you are, and ſays he, I mentioned you yeſterday to a certain great perſonage, and he was ſurpriſed to hear of your talents—and I aſſure you, Miſs Elton, I might have had an illuſtrious viſitor, but I did not like it, for as I ſaid to my friend, what ſarvice can it be of to me?"

"Well, Mr. Puffardo," cried Jemima, "but did all this happen at the city aſſembly?"

"O I beg pardon, no; what I was a going to tell you was a piece of aſſurance of that beggarly fellow, Mumps."

"Who?" cried Miſs Elton, colouring.

"Who?" ſaid Jemima, eagerly.

"Why you remember him, Miſs Elton—Mrs. Napper, you recollect the fellow I kept out of charity, Sir Henry, as we uſed to call him." Well, Mr. Puffardo, from every mouth. "Well, as ſure as you are alive there, had he got into the family of a capital merchant, one Mr. Gab, and was on the point of marriage with his daughter, to be ſure, we popped

on

on him rather unexpectedly—eh, Billy—ſome how or other the feller had good cloaths, and did not look amiſs, but we took him down—there he had got a quality name, indeed—I believe I ſhou'd not have known him, only Billy wanted a partner, ſo I makes a few enquiries, and Miſs Gab being pointed out as a city heireſs—I ſays, Billy, ſays I, now's your time, but Miſs was engaged, her mama ſaid, to a perſon of quality. I thought I knew moſt of the people of quality, ſo up I goes to take a peep, and who ſhou'd it be but Mumps.—

"Pray, Sir," ſaid a ſun-burnt young man, who, in company with a good looking woman, was come to ſee her daughter, "did that Mumps, as you call him, go by the name of Conway?"

"He did, Sir," anſwered Puffardo, "I brought him up; it was eaſy to ſee he was a dirty low-born fellow, not the leaſt bit of a gentleman in him, I always ſaid that, did not I, Billy, I always ſaid that the dog would be hanged."

"You did," ſaid the ſun-burnt young man, "then you told a d—d lye."

Puffardo

Puffardo ſtarted—the lady was in tears, and the young man was on tip-toe with rage

"I tell you—you ſcoundrel, all you have been ſaying is a parcel of lies—I did not know that Henry Conway was Dellmore, but I know he was as honeſt a fellow as any alive, and perhaps, you Mr. Puff, what the devil is your dirty name, may look a little fooliſh, when I tell you, Mrs. Dellmore is now in London with forty-thouſand pounds in her pocket, for this ſame gallows bird you are pleaſed to abuſe ſo; and I'll tell you another ſecret—and I anſwer your proverb at one and the ſame time, honeſty is the beſt policy—Mrs. Dellmore that was, the widow Neſbit that is, is my own ſiſter, and whether Henry be her ſon or not, thoſe that dare ſpeak to the impeachment of his honour, ſhall do it through my heart's blood, d—me, ſhall they."

The aſtoniſhment of the company, at this ſpeech, was general, though the effects were various. Puffardo, ſtrange to tell,

was out of countenance, his face of various colours, and his wife, having to her great ſatisfaction not opened her lips, was quite at liberty to reflect on her huſband, which her looks ſhewed ſhe would take the firſt opportunity of doing.

Mrs. Napper was endeavouring, by farther enquiries, to hear ſomething more of Dellmore—Jemima's eyes were fixed on Clara, and her's were ſuffuſed with tears, yet full of eager attention.

The young man informed them, his name was Montgomery, he was brother to Mrs. Neſbit, who was juſt come from Ireland, where ſhe went on this very buſineſs, in her way from the Eaſt; and we are all in purſuit of this ſame beggarly fellow, ſaid he, looking fiercely at Puffardo—the lady who accompanied him, was, he ſaid, his brother's widow, and it was to the generoſity of Mrs. Neſbit that ſhe owed the power of providing for her family; he arrived in the river himſelf but a few days before, and would give all he was worth to get along-ſide of his friend; at the ſame time,

time, continued he, I ſhall be under great obligations to any of you, who can inform me where I may hear any tidings of Mr. Dellmore.

Poor Clara, overcome by the different ſenſations which the preceding converſation had raiſed in her mind, and entirely off all guard, now wrung her hands, and burſting with agony, anſwered, "he was *dead.*"

The lion-looking Montgomery was in an inſtant changed into the lamb. "Why, ſure, Miſs, ſaid he, that muſt be a galley-packet, ſomebody or other has told you ſo juſt to vex you—if it be true, my ſiſter will break her heart, poor woman, that's near done already." Montgomery was a rough, unpoliſhed, uneducated ſailor, he had not learnt

"To liſp and nick-name God's creatures."

But, without any learning at all, he was a general favourite with the women. Miſs Elton had been but half an hour in his company, ſhe could weep on his ſhoulder,

own her love, and repeat the laſt ſad circumſtances they were acquainted with, reſpecting Dellmore, without a bluſh; ſhe gloried in her fondneſs for the amiable youth, and vowed to lament him while ſhe had life.

Mr. Puffardo not being quite ſo much at home as at the beginning of the viſit, thought proper, at this period, to take himſelf off, followed by his lady and beau Billy.

They were no ſooner out of hearing, than Billy was ſorry they went out that afternoon. Mr. Puffardo dared to ſay that was a half crazy ſailor, who did not know what he ſaid, and Mrs. Puffardo was aſtoniſhed, ſo much as ſhe had ſaid to her ſpouſe, and ſo often as ſhe had warn'd him of letting his tongue run before he knew his company, that he wou'd ſtill go on in making himſelf ridiculous.

Mr. Puffardo did not like to be lectured.

Mrs. Puffardo liked nothing ſo much as lecturing, ergo, Mr. and Mrs. Puffardo were not like to come to a point; they quarrelled,

quarrelled, it was nothing new; they fought, it was what they had done before; they recollected themſelves, and it was well they did.

They were ſeen afterwards, in the courſe of the evening, arm-in-arm, be-deared each other till bed time, and behind the curtain the ſame altercation was renewed with the ſame conſequences.

And ſo on to the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.

The Penitent.

WHEN Clara parted with her friends at Eaſt Sheen, ſhe coldly requeſted Mr. Downe to preſent her dutiful compliments to his lady; the polite huſband, with ſome embarraſſment, replied, that as Mrs. Downe was not acquainted with the buſineſs that occaſioned his being in London, and as he had ſome family reaſons for con-

cealing it, he ſhould eſteem himſelf much obliged to Miſs Elton if ſhe would not mention to Mr. Franklin his having had the honour to ſee her at Eaſt-Sheen. Clara's anſwer, to this requeſt, was a ſlight formal curtſey, as he handed her into Mr. Burgeſs's chariot; and her reflections, during her ride back to Clapham, were not to either his advantage or that of her quondam governeſs.

Miſs Elton's accidental interview with Mr. Montgomery, put a ſtop to the Briſtol journey, as Mrs. Burgeſs had every reaſon to flatter herſelf, that the arrival of Henry's pretended mother, would one way or other determine her fate; and ſhe waited in the moſt painful anxiety for the notice Mr. Montgomery had promiſed to ſend Clara, of a viſit from her.

A week having expired ſince Miſs Elton's meeting him at Eaſt Sheen, Mrs. Burgeſs was relapſing into deſpondency when, as they were taking coffee, Mrs. Neſbit and Mr. Montgomery were announced.

Clara

Clara would have received them in another room, but Mr. Burgeſs, in a voice of eager curioſity, begged they might be ſhewn into their's.

Mr. Montgomery entered, ſupporting his ſiſter, whoſe anxiety of mind had very much added to her indiſpoſition, and whoſe extreme weakneſs rendered his aſſiſtance neceſſary.

Clara aroſe, and although her heart revolted from the idea of friendſhip for a woman, whoſe artful conduct had involved the man ſhe loved in ſuch a ſeries of misfortunes; the extreme melancholy and dejection of her countenance, in which ſickneſs and ſorrow had made equal ravages, her emaciated form and flowing tears reached the heart of the gentle Clara, in a language ſhe could not reſiſt.

A ſilent guſh of anguiſh filled an awful interval that laſted a few moments, after which, Mrs. Neſbit addreſſed Miſs Elton, "you ſee, Madam," ſaid ſhe, ſtruggling with her emotions, "before you, the ſad remains of a woman, whoſe guilty conduct

would have deprived you of your inheritance; little, very little, can I urge in my own defence, little to extenuate my guilt towards you; but as the law has made you reſtitution, as it has inveſted you with the eſtate to which you are the legal and undoubted heireſs; and as it has pleaſed Heaven to put me into the juſt poſſeſſion of a fortune that will enable me to return with ample intereſt, the ſums I received of your right after my ſon's death, I ſhould not, had I no other cauſe for the anguiſh that will ſoon put a painful period to my exiſtence, deſpair of your forgiveneſs, nor yet, what is of ſtill more importance, of being at peace with myſelf."

"Ah!" ſaid Clara, "but the other, the moſt cruel, the unfeeling part, *that* which could influence you to abandon to miſery and want, the moſt amiable, the—the"—burſting into tears, "the deareſt youth."

"Charming young lady," replied Mrs. Neſbit, "how I honour, how I admire your ſweet ſenſibility, for that indefenſible, that

that horrid part of my life, which concerned the unhappy youth; I have died a lingering unpitied death; but oh! Miſs Elton, all that Puffardo could inform me, from him I have heard; and I have traced the poor deſerted victim till he was my companion in the ſhip, which brought me from the Indies."

"Heavens!" cried Clara, ſtarting, "*When*?—We have loſt him; when was he with you? was it lately, ſince November?"

Mrs. Neſbit ſighed, and the tranſient hope that had animated Clara's features, was no more.

"Mr. Gab," continued Mrs. Neſbit, "from whoſe friendſhip he was diſcarded, as I underſtand from his lady and himſelf, on account of ſome irregularities in his conduct, ſome youthful ſallies I ſuppoſe, accounts for his leaving England in the King's ſervice, as he ſays he recommended him to Captain Manly; I am, myſelf, therefore, only ſurpriſed at his ſo ſudden return, as I am ſure he parted on terms of reciprocal eſteem with the Captain.

"Every body loved, every body eſteemed Henry Dellmore," ſobbed Clara. "But you ſay he returned in the ſame ſhip with you, pray madam proceed; did he recollect you, or you him?"

"We unfortunately parted without an idea of the near connection that had once endeared us to each other; time, which has ripened into mature beauty, the infant graces with which he was adorned, when I left him, and the change of his name, (as then he was called Conway) prevented my having a thought, that the moſt amiable young man, I ever ſaw, was him, whom I was in eager purſuit of; and ſickneſs, vexation, and the cruel ravage of the ſmall pox, undoubtedly deſtroyed every trace of remembrance."

"Friend," interrupted the good Quaker, who felt for the impatience of his wife, "if thou art ſincere in thy penitence, why doſt thou delay to reveal thy tranſgreſſion; thou haſt, thou ſayeſt, a ſin to atone for, more heinous than that of robbing this innocent maiden of her birthright;

right; thou art willing, and as thou ſayeſt, able to make her retribution.—But here is a worthy member of ſociety loſt by thy means, ultimately it is by thy means, to the world, to his parents.

Mrs. Neſbit wept.

"Had he parents, and could thy gold bribe them to ſell their ſon for the purpoſe of iniquity?"

"Oh! no! no!" cried ſhe, wringing her hands. "Were they then dead? and didſt thou adopt an orphan for thy own wicked ends, and cruelly deſert him, when his innocence could no longer aſſiſt thy cunning?"

The emotions of the penitent Mrs. Neſbit, at the ſolemn and ſevere interrogatories of Mr. Burgeſs, overcame her ſpirits; ſhe fainted, and Mrs. Burgeſs, who ſat in her eaſy chair, the picture of anguiſh, was near being in the ſame ſituation, yet ſhe would not leave the room, and when Mrs. Neſbit was recovered from her fit, Mr. Burgeſs reſumed the ſubject. But Montgomery, who loved his ſiſter, and who indeed was

under the ſtrongeſt obligations ſo to do, inſiſted on her returning to town, without entering further on a ſubject, that ſo evidently diſtreſſed her.

"But we," ſaid the trembling Mrs. Burgeſs, "are alſo in diſtreſs; it is of importance to us to hear thy ſiſter's account of herſelf and this youth. Behold," extending her late beautiful hand and arm now reduced to a ſkeleton—"behold the victim of barbarity; tell me, I beſeech thee, where thou obtainedſt that wretched youth, confeſs," raiſing her voice, and fire darting from her eyes. "Didſt thou not ſteal him from the graſp of his fond mother! Avert not thy guilty eyes, but ſpeak, confeſs, tell me woman, haſt thou not *more* than murdered me? Where, where is my child, my ſon, the image of my murdered love?" This exertion of ſpirits, in the almoſt lifeleſs Quaker, which aſtoniſhed Mr. Burgeſs and Clara, as much as it alarmed them; was inſtantly ſucceeded by her uſual hyſterics, and ſhe was as unable to hear as Mrs. Neſbit was to repeat the remainder of her

her ſtory. But the latter, ſomething recovered, ſolemnly addreſſed Clara:

"I am now, Miſs Elton, leaving you, I bid you adieu for ever, I am adviſed to try what Liſbon will do for my broken conſtitution; I know it is the laſt ineffectual reſource; before I leave England I will write to you; the cauſe of that ſaint-looking creature's exceſſive diſorder, is a myſtery to me; for be aſſured, *I* have not injured *her*; Henry Dellmore's mother has long paid the debt, ſoon to be demanded of me; I am aſſured the loſs of her ſon broke her heart; poor injured woman; Heaven only knows the conſtitution of my ſoul on her account; could I but have been ſuffered to have rendered the dear youth happy, it would, I have long fondly hoped, be a palliation of my guilt; but even that is denied to me."

"At leaſt Madam," ſaid Clara, "give Mrs. Burgeſs all the ſatisfaction in your power; her firſt, indeed her only child, was cruelly ſtolen from his nurſe, his age, the time your ſon died, and various other circumſtances

cumſtances have contributed to perſuade her, our Henry was her's; and perhaps, when ſhe is convinced ſhe is miſtaken, her anguiſh at his double loſs, may ſubſide, and ſhe may be reſtored to health."

"Be aſſured," replied Mrs. Neſbit, "I will write to you every particular; but is it indeed certain, are there no hopes of recovering our poor fugitive?"

"I have enquired," ſaid Montgomery, "at the Spunging-houſe, from whence he went in the height of his delirium, and of the good Doctor who attended him, and he dropped a tear—I cannot find....

"Say no more, brother, ſay no more, farewell, Miſs Elton," ſaid Mrs. Neſbit, embracing her, "God preſerve you as well from temptation as from evil;" and ſhe left the houſe with as much expedition as her weak ſtate of health would permit.

Clara returned then to Mrs. Burgeſs's apartment, where ſhe yet continued her faintings, which terrified and diſtracted her huſband. Doctor Littleton was ſent for, and gave it as his deciſive opinion, that ſuch another

another ſhock as her ſpirits had then received, would be her death; his preſcriptions ſomewhat compoſed her; but when the opiate ſhe ſwallowed loſt its effect, and ſhe regained her mental powers, her firſt enquiries were after the barbarous woman, who ſhe perſiſted in declaring had ſtolen her child; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe could be reſtrained from going in perſon after her.

Mr. Burgeſs tenderly remonſtrated, he implored her to be patient.

"Oh! Daniel," cried the afflicted woman, "couldſt thou have thought the heart of thy Rebecca would be ever filled with a thirſt after revenge?—but that vile woman, will not juſtice over take her? Is ſhe not amenable to the law? Oh! my child, my child, where, where didſt thou periſh, where was the maternal boſom that ſhould have held thine aching head! Even now, perhaps, his dear body lies expoſed to the wind of Heaven, and his noble father looks down with indignation on the mother, who abounds in wealth, on whom

whom the air muſt not rudely blow, but whoſe only ſon expires for want. Oh! Daniel, wilt thou not purſue the woman whoſe iniquity has murdered thy Rebecca!"

The heart-piercing ſorrow of Mrs. Burgeſs, was felt by her huſband and her young friend; but it was not immediately in their power to gratify her in following Mrs. Neſbit, as Clara had not aſked her addreſs, and Mr. Burgeſs had no opportunity of doing it, being too much taken up with his attention to his wife, to think on her; but as Mrs. Burgeſs continued to urge him to ſeek her, he was on the point of going to make enquiries after her at Mr. Benwell's when a pacquet was delivered to Clara that baniſhed every kind of doubt; and if a certainty of miſery is, as ſome people affirm, more endurable than ſuſpenſe, Mrs. Burgeſs had that poor conſolation; it was directed to Miſs Elton, and contained the following extraordinary recital.

"Madam,"

" Madam,

" WHEN you receive this I ſhall be on my way to Liſbon, I cannot bear the ſevere goodneſs of your friends; but I have not, thank God I have not, injured that angelic woman—I am haſtening to that " bourne from whence no traveller returns." I have made my will, and left one-third of my fortune, with all my jewels, to you, as an atonement for the injuries I have offered you; one-third to my brother, and the reſidue between the widow and children of my eldeſt brother. I incloſe a narrative that would have been found at my death among my papers: ſhew it to *your* friend, that ſhe may be convinced *I* have not, as ſhe charged me, been acceſſary to her death; I am too ill to add to this letter any more than my prayers for your happineſs.

H. NESBIT."

(Incloſed in the foregoing.)

" THAT the miſeries of my life, that the ſting of guilt, that the curſe of hypo-

criſy

criſy may be known to the world, and in hopes that the uncorrupted may fly from the path where the writer of this narrative was undone, it is ſhe who commits to paper actions that will blacken her fame for ever.

"Henrietta Montgomery was only daughter of an Iriſh officer of family, whoſe commiſſion was the whole ſupport of himſelf and four ſons; the eldeſt being Secretary to an Embaſſy, and literally, a man of the world.

"At the time Colonel Montgomery died, which was in his 44th year, Henrietta was juſt entered her eighteenth—young, handſome, gay and ſprightly; the elder Mr. Montgomery had contracted an intimacy at Paris with a young man of eaſy temper, great good nature, and heir to a large eſtate; with a view, as he confeſſed, to gain an eligible ſettlement for his ſiſter; on the death of her father he ſent for her to Paris, and having placed her in a reputable convent, he carried his friend to viſit her.

"The thing he had preconcerted exactly happened; Mr. Dellmore was captivated at the

the firſt interview, and a marriage very ſoon took place, greatly to the diſpleaſure of Sir Henry Dellmore, the bridegroom's father, who refuſed to be reconciled to his ſon, till he heard Mrs. Dellmore was far advanced in her pregnancy.

" Sir Henry was particularly ambitious of perpetuating his name and family; and in the hopes of ſucceeding in this his firſt wiſh, obtained his pardon and protection; Mr. Dellmore and his bride were both received by the old gentleman, at Dellmore Court, where they continued till the ſon unfortunately fell from his horſe, at a hunting party, and fractured his ſkull.

" Sir Henry did not long out live his ſon; his grand-child had engroſſed all his grandfather's care and tenderneſs, but he gave proof that he had never cordially forgiven his daughter-in-law for the Iriſh trick, which he ever called her marriage to his ſon, as his will left no proviſion for her: if her child died before he came of age, his whole eſtate and perſonals were in that caſe bequeathed to his daughter; this will, which

ſuggeſted

ſuggeſted the impious act, for which the heart of the unhappy widow will ever bleed, filled her with the moſt diſtreſſing alarm, on every little indiſpoſition of her ſon; it was not only a darling child, an only ſon, for whoſe exiſtence ſhe trembled, her daily bread, her actual ſubſiſtence depended on his life: in this wretched predicament ſhe was found by her brother, when the Ambaſſador to France was changed, and he took his reſidence with Mrs. Dellmore.

"Mr. Montgomery was a man of penetration and cunning; the intrigues of ſtate affairs had thoroughly verſed him in chicanery and diſſimulation; and, when his ſiſter was ſinking in deſpair, at the appearance of the ſmall-pox on her child, he charged her to diſguiſe her feelings, and ſent her, on pretence of taking a ſmall tour, to poor and private lodgings on Epping Foreſt.

"A faithful female Iriſh domeſtic, who had been forſter mother to ſeveral of Colonel Montgomery's children, was at that

that period in England, whither ſhe had come to ſee Mrs. Dellmore; Mr. Montgomery kept her with him, to aſſiſt in a ſcheme he had long determined to put in execution, in caſe of the fatal event of the child's death; on her fidelity he could depend, and Mrs. Dellmore thought her maid was alſo incorruptible.

"From the firſt appearance of the eruption, which, though Mrs. Dellmore had not had the fatal diſtemper, ſhe attended herſelf; they knew there was no hope of ſaving the young heir, who was, at that period, juſt turned of four years old; he was privately interred, and his mother and her ſervant proceeded to the continent by direction of her brother, by whom ſhe was ſoon joined with a beautiful boy ſo like her own child, that even a mother might have been deceived, had ſhe not cloſed the dying eyes of her own ſon; the relation Mr. Montgomery gave of the means whereby he procured this ſubſtitute, was, that he ſpent ſeveral days under different diſguiſes, in ſearching the villages round the metropolis,

polis, chiefly among poor people, for a child whoſe age, ſize and complexion, reſembled the deceaſed; that, after ſeveral tedious excurſions, he, at length, ſaw the deſtined prize at play before a ſmall neat houſe in a field near Wandſworth; that he made enquiries at a neighbouring public-houſe, and found he was the ſon of a Quaker, of the name of Champion, who had placed him to nurſe with the woman, who was wife to a gentleman's gardener in the neighbourhood, and had formerly lived ſervant in Mrs. Champion's family. Whatever reluctance Mr. Montgomery might feel at depriving a reſpectable family of their offspring, ſelf-preſervation was an impulſe too ſtrong for humanity; the boy's remarkable likeneſs to his nephew, and the eaſe with which it appeared he might be conveyed away, were incentives to his intentions, and he returned to town to concert meaſures with his confederate to complete their purpoſe.

"He purchaſed a phaeton and pair to prevent a poſſibility of diſcovery from drivers

drivers or ſervant, and the woman having watched an opportunity, put the child into the carriage which Mr. Montgomery immediately drove off to the Kentiſh road; the woman contrived to change the child's cloaths, and having now a pretty chubby faced girl, inſtead of a ſtolen boy, they ventured to ſlacken their pace, and reached the Continent without ſuſpicion, the ſweetneſs of the infant's temper rendering it an eaſy matter to keep him in ſpirits and good humour; his ſex being again changed, the faithful Iriſh woman was ſent home, and the family continued abroad three years, during which time, Mrs. Dellmore obſerved a familiarity between her brother and the maid ſervant who attended her, which, however, ſhe was obliged to appear ignorant of, as ſhe was ſo wholly in their power; ſhe returned to England with a thouſand ſecret fears on her mind, and in a ſtate of unenviable ſubjection to her brother and his miſtreſs. By requeſt of the latter, the young Sir Henry was placed at a ſchool at Eaſt-Sheen on the ſimple recommendation

commendation of a relation of hers, who dwelt at that village, and five years more paſſed without any perſon's ſuſpecting the fraud; but their apparent tranquillity was then deſtroyed by the appearance of an Iriſh girl whom Mrs. Dellmore remembered to have waited on her mother; ſhe produced inconteſtible proof of her marriage with Mr. Montgomery, by whom ſhe had children, and he owned the truth of her aſſertion, which ſo enraged the maid-ſervant, whom he had promiſed to marry, and who had been beſides liberally rewarded for her ſhare in their ſecret, that ſhe flew out of the houſe and related to Mr. Elton every circumſtance that had happened.—

"Mrs. Dellmore terrified with a ſenſe of guilt, and fearful of puniſhment, as ſhe thought no leſs than death would be the conſequence, not only of the fraud on the Dellmore family, but the cruel robbery of the child from Wandſworth, as they found by the rewards offered for his recovery, his parents were too affluent to accept a pecuniary exchange for their ſon; and her terror

terror increaſed by a recollection of the effect ſhe heard the loſs of the child had on his mother, who died broken-hearted. Her brother having abſconded; herſelf alone, friendleſs and unprotected, her brain ſeemed turning, and ſhe reſolved on flight, but where could ſhe go? Her own noble relations would abjure her as ſoon as they were acquainted with her guilt; the newſpaper lay on the table, an advertiſement for a young perſon to attend a lady to India happily ſtruck her, ſhe inſtantly walked out, after buying ſome cloaths ſuitable to the rank ſhe now thought would be the higheſt good fortune to fill, took a ſmall lodging in a bye-ſtreet, near the city, and from thence waited on the lady who advertiſed.

"Her appearance pleaſed the lady—ſhe demanded the addreſs to thoſe who were to give her a character; Mrs. Dellmore wept, and owned ſhe had not a being to apply to, the lady was not diſcouraged, the criminal had the happineſs to be engaged, and attended her to Bengal, where ſhe very ſoon

died, and Mr. Neſbit made choice of his deceaſed lady's companion for his wife. She never acquainted him with her real name, but the inſtant ſhe was miſtreſs of herſelf and fortune, ſhe reſolved to return to England, if poſſible to recover the dear youth ſhe had abandoned, make him heir to her fortune, and reſtore him to his family."

Henrietta Neſbit incloſed in Mrs. Neſbit's Packquet. To Miſs Elton.

"Madam,

"MY ſiſter being too much indiſpoſed to reſume her pen, by her deſire I further inform you:

"When ſhe left the ſhip that brought her from India, it was to ſeek for Janet Macdougal, by whoſe means, ſhe flattered herſelf, ſhe ſhould hear ſome tidings of Mr. Dellmore. Mr. Benwell had already vainly enquired after him of Mr. Puffardo, who denied any kind of knowledge of, or about him. Janet accompanied Mrs. Neſbit to England, where, almoſt the firſt thing

thing ſhe did, was to claim from a pawnbroker's, where ſhe pledged it, a portrait of my ſiſter and her ſuppoſed ſon, which ſhe purchaſed at her firſt coming with her huſband, Macdougal, to England, by accident, of the broker who had bought the furniture belonging to Mrs. Dellmore when ſhe abſconded.

"From the pawnbroker ſhe was aſtoniſhed to hear that Mr. Conway, as ſhe had always called him, owned the picture of the boy was his, and named the artiſt who drew it, *then* Janet could recollect as well as my ſiſter the extreme likeneſs in the features, ſo we all concluded that my friend Conway was Dellmore, and I was confirmed in this ſurmiſe at Mrs. Napper's, when I had the honour to meet you there.

"Previous to our waiting on you at Clapham, we went to Mr. Gab's, where we learnt little more than that our friend left them in high diſgrace, notwithſtanding which, Mr. Gab had recommended him to Captain Manly, and that he had been arreſted by his taylor, to whom we alſo went,

and, by his direction, we proceeded to the ſpunging-houſe, where I grieve to ſay our ſearch ended; and we waited on you merely that Mrs. Neſbit might inform you of her deſigns in your favour, before we left England.

"Mr. Burgeſs's ſolemn queſtions, and his lady's anxious grief, exceedingly diſconcerted her, though you ſee by the account of the fatal tranſactions, that it could not poſſibly affect them.

"Before I leave England, I am happy in this opportunity of paying my ſincere reſpects to Miſs Elton, and to aſſure her of the profound eſteem of, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. MONTGOMERY."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Maternal Diſtreſs.

WHEN thoſe letters and Mrs. Neſbit's Memoirs came to be read by the Burgeſs's, inſtead of giving them convincing proofs that Henry *was not* the ſon ſhe lamented, no doubt remained in their minds that he *was* the

the very child placed at Wandſworth by her ſiſter-in-law, Mrs. Champion; whoſe grief and early death might naturally be placed to maternal love; particularly as the child had always called her mother.

"Oh, then," cried the unhappy mother, "I divined aright—it was—it was my Auguſtus, the voice of Nature cried aloud in my ſoul; oh, how it throbbed for my child, the firſt ſound of his voice affected me—and his looks—*but he was* the image of his father! O forgive me, forgive my huſband, thou beſt of men, forgive the grief of thy Rebecca, thou knoweſt how I loved that father, how my fondneſs for him rendered me an apoſtate to duty and religion; how has my apoſtacy been puniſhed? Yet in the preſence of the Prince of Peace, the diſtinctions of man will not be known; there I ſhall be re-united to my Auguſtus—but oh! how, when we meet, ſhall I account to the ſpirit of my love, for ſending his child from me, for intruſting him out of my ſight? Alas! alas, I remembered only that I was a daugh-

ter, and the mangled corſe of my dear huſband, whoſe life was loſt in the defence of us, the Diſciples of Peace, had not power over my timorous heart to enable me to aſſert a mother's privilege. Why would'ſt thou, Daniel, thou, whoſe ſoul is the manſion of integrity, ſuffer me to neglect a mother's duty ?

" Cruel Rebecca !" anſwered the ſorrowing huſband, " doſt thou then wiſh to leave me ? Yes, I knew thy love was all for the huſband of thy youth ; but have I not cheriſhed even that remembrance, becauſe it delighted thee ? and would I not have been a parent to thy child had he lived ? Why wilt thou wound thy ſoul with the bitterneſs of thy grief ? Is nothing due to the faith and love I have ever borne thee ? Can'ſt thou reſolve to deſtroy him, who is thy friend as well as huſband ?"

The ſenſe of right, of juſtice, and of humanity might be clouded by grief in the mind of Mrs. Burgeſs, but it could not be loſt ; ſhe fell on her huſband's neck, implored his forgiveneſs, ſhe would ſtrive to

live

live for his ſake; he was, *and ought to* be dear to her; ſhe would yet go to Briſtol—but, there was one debt ſhe ought to pay—ſhe had deferred it, wretched as ſhe was, in the vain hope that time would reſtore her child; the mother of her Auguſtus was now, ſhe knew, in London; ſhe would ſee her and then endeavour to think on her loſt ſon no more.

It was in vain to diſſuade her from this reſolution; weak as ſhe was, ſhe would go the next morning; go, therefore, then ſhe did, attended by Clara, and the carriage was ordered to Lord Belvoir's in St. James's Square.

The marriage of Lord Creſpigny, with the great city fortune, Miſs Leveſage, as it gave a ſupply of ready caſh to the family, brought Lady Belvoir and her daughters to town, to grace the nuptials of the heir of their noble houſe. Lady Belvoir's infirm ſtate of health prevented her accompanying the bride and bridegroom to a family ſeat which Lord Belvoir ſettled on the lady. Lady Selina Macnamara ſtayed

with her mother; Lady Emily accompanied the bride.

Lady Belvoir's affections had been ſo ſtrongly fixed on Auguſtus Macnamara, her ſecond ſon, that his death had nearly proved fatal to her; time, however, with its lenient hand had mollified her maternal grief, it had reconciled her to the diſpenſations of Providence without effacing the image of the amiable youth from her memory; there he yet dwelt—every virtue that filled his heart, every charm that graced his handſome figure ſtill exiſted in the heart of his fond mother; while his faults, the natural effects of youth and vivacity, were wholly conſigned to oblivion.

It was indeed little wonder that Auguſtus Macnamara ſhould be a favourite with Lady Belvoir; or, that ſo good a woman ſhould ever regret parting with the only one among her ſons who inherited the diſpoſition of his mother. He was beloved and reſpected wherever he appeared; ſome youthful ſallies he might have that clouded his fine qualities;

lities; and, as I have before informed my readers, a difference in conſequence of his ſucceſs in an intrigue where his elder brother was his competitor, rendered it neceſſary to part them; with a burſting heart Lady Belvoir parted with her darling ſon, honour and glory pointed too alluringly to his aſpiring mind, the path to fame, for him to feel beyond the paſſing minute, the tears which dropped from maternal love—"I ſhall return to you, madam," ſaid the young ſoldier, "crowned with laurels, and what is yet more deſirable, I ſhall learn wiſdom; experience will aid your inſtruction, and I ſhall leave, on the other ſide the Atlantic, the follies which have diſtreſſed the beſt of mothers."

How this prediction was verified, our readers have ſeen in the early death of Mrs. Burgeſs's firſt huſband; the ſame pacquet that declared his marriage, brought to his family the particulars of his death.

His letter to his mother, imparting to her the ſecret of his choice, arriving in ſuch ſolemn circumſtances, was the more

deeply engraved on her heart; his requeſt, that protection might be offered his wife, was to her a ſacred injunction ſhe could not bear ſhould be evaded; with the firſt poſſible opportunity of conveying it to the hands of the lovely widow, ſhe wrote all that the fullneſs of her fondneſs for her ſon, and grief for his loſs, dictated; invited the beloved object of his choice to her heart, and to her arms, and aſſured her of her maternal love.

The ſituation of the young Rebecca was ſo very delicate at the time ſhe received Lady Belvoir's letter, it being juſt as ſhe conſented to accept Mr. Burgeſs, and while her parents were in ſo weak a ſtate that her dutiful heart ſunk at the remoteſt poſſibility of giving them pain, ſhe could not immediately anſwer it; and after that, writing to her dead huſband's mother for the firſt time, under the ſignature of a ſecond choice, was what ſhe could not well do, therefore ſhe deferred anſwering Lady Belvoir's letter till ſhe could preſent to the family her young ſon.

Her

Her miſerable diſappointment in that ſcheme, and dread of the reproaches of a noble family, for intruſting ſo precious a charge out of her own protection, had always hitherto prevented her waiting on Lady Belvoir, or ſeeking any acquaintance with a family that would renew the force of thoſe ſorrows ſhe could never entirely overcome.

But now her weak ſtate, the diſſolution ſhe knew was approaching, added to a ſenſe of juſtice, and fully convinced by the unfortunate fate of her only ſon, of the fallacy of all human wiſdom, all combined to give her ſtrength of mind, ſhe reſolved no longer to defer acquainting her deceaſed huſband's family of the relative ſhe *had* given them, in order that if he had been miraculouſly preſerved, and ſhould hereafter appear (improbable as that now was) her death might not deprive him of the protection of his blood.

Lady Belvoir had enquired repeatedly after her ſon's widow; ſhe found the fair Quaker had made a ſecond choice, that the

firſt had continued a profound ſecret; and as ſhe was known to have bred, ſuppoſing the wide difference in their religion and manners, which then had not love, the grand leveller of all diſtinction, to reconcile them, any connection with her was undeſirable, Lady Belvoir had long ceaſed to give herſelf the trouble of aſking after her.

Her ladyſhip was at this period of our hiſtory in her ſixty-fourth year; her youth had been enchanting, her age was venerable, the lovelineſs, the elegance of her form yet remained, the fineneſs of her complexion was ſtill viſible, and the mild blue eye yet ſpoke to the ſoul even through her ſpectacles; it was in concern for her infirmities only, that her company felt ſhe was an old woman; the uſual loquacity of her period of life, was conquered by long acquired wiſdom, no peeviſhneſs could poſſibly find its way into a heart fortified by a ſtrong underſtanding, an inexhauſtible fund of ſweetneſs and good nature, and entirely at peace with itſelf.

Lord Belvoir was in his 68th year, and ſtill

ſtill a man of profeſſed gallantry; he had not the advantage of ſo refined an underſtanding as his lady, but he had what every man of libertine principles cannot ſay, not the worſe opinion of, or the leſs affection *for* his wife, becauſe her character was more brilliant than his own.

The Belvoir eſtate, now ſaddled with a third jointure, was become little enough, notwithſtanding the citizen's caſh to ſupport its dignity. But Lord Belvoir had a new miſtreſs, and he could not therefore leave London till it was leſs; he was now gone to pay the bride the compliment of attending her to the country ſeat; but a young girl he fancied himſelf very fond of, waited his return with impatience, as he promiſed, as ſoon as he had ſent his lady and daughters back to Derbyſhire, that ſhe ſhould have a chariot; and he wiſely meant at that time to keep his word.

Lady Belvoir was ſubject to a rheumatic gout, ſhe had been threatened with a fit, and was wrapped up in her dreſſing-room, in hopes by warmth and timely medicine to prevent

prevent it, when Mrs. Burgeſs was announced.

"Burgeſs," ſaid Lady Belvoir, "I have not the honor to know the lady, and am too much indiſpoſed to admit ſtrangers."

"Oh!" ſaid Mrs. Burgeſs, almoſt fainting between weakneſs and anxiety, "I had forgotten, thy miſtreſs will recollect me better, if thou telleſt her my name was Fry; I muſt beg to ſee her, I have buſineſs of importance; I pray thee, friend, return, and inform her."

"I never ſaw ſuch an impertinent odd looking fellow," cried Clara, "how the creature grins and ſkips."

The ſervant who carried the meſſage was certainly an oddity, he had a remarkable wide mouth, furniſhed with white teeth, which he ſo unmercifully diſtended on the preſent occaſion, that little elſe in his face was viſible; and the looks, with which he thought proper to greet Clara Elton, together with a hop, ſkip and jump, with his face turned quite back over his ſhoulder

ſhoulder as he left the room, into which they were ſhewn, excited her attention and curioſity. Another ſervant now appeared, and very reſpectfully led the way to Lady Belvoir's dreſſing-room.

With trembling ſteps, ſhort breath, and agitated looks, the poor invalid entered; her eyes, from whence tears ſtreamed, caſt on the ground; her heart ſinking, and expecting reproaches from the mother of the man ſhe had fondly loved, before ſhe reached the chair placed for her, ſhe was deprived of motion, and ſhe ſunk on the ground, but not inſenſible; Lady Selina flew to her aſſiſtance, as did Clara—Lady Belvoir was unable.

The fine, though emaciated figure before her, gave proof of that beauty once ſo celebrated, and her loſt ſon's wife now brought him as freſh to her memory as herſelf—ſhe wept in agony.

Mrs. Burgeſs, then a little recovered, approached the noble lady, in whoſe countenance ſhe yet ſaw the reſemblance of her huſband.

Lady

Lady Belvoir, overcame by the affecting, the ſilent eloquence of the intereſting figure before her, opened her arms—Mrs. Burgeſs ſunk into her embrace.

A chair was placed near, and the ſervant ordered to withdraw.

Lady Belvoir recovering firſt, begged her viſitor would compoſe herſelf.

Still ſhe trembled, and faultered the more, ſhe was affected with the tenderneſs of Lady Belvoir, the more ſhe dreaded incurring her diſpleaſure, and exciting her grief by the tale ſhe had to relate.

Chocolate was ordered by Lady Belvoir, in hopes the preſence of the ſervants would abate the extreme agitation that increaſed with every attempt Mrs. Burgeſs made to give utterance to the ſorrows of her heart.

CHAPTER LIX.

Maternal Joy.

INTERESTED as Clara was for Mrs. Burgeſs, her attention was not ſo much taken up, but ſhe could obſerve ſurrounding objects.

Lady

Lady Belvoir was ſitting in an arm chair, on one ſide the fire, her work ſtanding before her.

In the centre, ſtood Lady Selina's drawing ſtand, and on the other ſide the fire place was a couch, on which was reclined a male figure, his face covered by Lady Selina's ſhawl, and apparently faſt aſleep.

A lady's dreſſing-room was an odd place for a gentleman to repoſe himſelf in, Clara thought; and while Mrs. Burgeſs was endeavoring to gather ſtrength to open herſelf to Lady Belvoir, Miſs Elton was employed in contemplating the object before her.

His ſtockings, which hung looſe on his legs, and every other part of his apparel proved the perſon was greatly emaciated; his hands, which were viſible, were very white, but the bones ſcarce covered by the ſkin.

Mrs. Burgeſs as ſhe began her ſtory ſobbed aloud; it diſturbed the ſleeper, he ſtarted and removing the ſhawl—

Clara ſcreamed.

"Henry,

"Henry, my dear Henry," cried ſhe, as ſhe threw herſelf into his arms.

"Clara," ſaid he, faintly.

Mrs. Burgeſs fainted away.

Neither Henry nor Clara recollected any other perſon was in the room.

"Oh Henry, is it, indeed, you? Are you ſure I am not deceived? But this is not your hand, my poor Henry—I have not forgotten how handſome your hands uſed to be."

"Oh Clara how flattering—but you are married, Clara—you are married."

The tears moiſtened his eyes as he ſpoke, and the faint fleſh that had animated his cheeks when he ſaw her, was ſucceeded by a deadly pale; he ſighed; his ſpirits weakened by a violent and tedious illneſs, from which he was beginning ſlowly to recover, could not be ſupported in that idea.

Clara's eyes were fixed on the floor.

"Oh, Clara!" ſaid he, after an affecting pauſe, a tear dropping on her hand; "why did you marry?" She looked up—her eyes filled with ſhame at recollection of her imprudence,

prudence, met his, where grief and love were equally blendid.

"Henry," whiſpered the gentle Clara, "I am not married, I never will marry any man but—;" but Clara's heart was on her lips; the ſecond but, was a word of modeſty's own coin, it meant, *but Henry*, but could reach no further. "Not married, Clara! Not married, my dear Miſs Elton!" cried Henry—"Ah," putting her hand to his head, "I have been very ill—am I relapſing, or do you fear I ſhould be ſo, that you thus kindly ſooth me?"

"Indeed, Henry, I am not married, you may believe me, nor would I marry a prince while ——" Again madam modeſty would intrude—"without my guardian's approbation."

"May I, indeed, believe you, Clara? Your looks ſpeak to my heart."

"Do they Henry? Then, I am ſure, they tell you I am not married, nor....."

"Nor what, my ſweet Clara?"

"Nor ever will, if ——"

"If what, Clara—ſay—if what?"

"Why

"Why ſhould I bluſh at what is my pride, that I loved my Henry before I knew the feelings of my own heart, and if I am not—"

Henry's eyes were ſtretched to their utmoſt extent—"Speak on, Clara, ſay it again, that you loved your Henry," cried the grateful youth, claſping her in his arms, "that you are yet ſingle, that he may adore his Clara." Tears of pleaſure ran down his cheeks.

Mrs. Burgeſs was carried into an adjoining room for air.

Lady Selina Macnamara now re-entered.

"Mrs. Burgeſs wiſhes to ſee you, Miſs."

"Mrs. Burgeſs!" ſaid Henry—"What myſtery is this, is ſhe here?"

Miſs Elton recollected herſelf—"How could I be ſo abſent," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing as ſhe aroſe.

"Are you leaving me, Clara? Are you taking from me this hand? It has not loſt its delicious ſoftneſs; no ſickneſs, no diſtreſs has been here."

"I will return in an inſtant."

When

When Miſs Elton was gone, the amiable Lady Selina bid him compoſe himſelf, and after attentively viewing him, burſt into tears and followed Miſs Elton.

The inſtant ſhe was gone, in came the grinning footman.

"Sir, Sir," ſaid he, as he approached, "there's the devil to pay, and all along of that ſtrange woman, that comed along with Miſs Elton."

"Can you make out what's the matter?" anſwered Henry.

"Who, I, Sir, not I, as I hope to be ſaved, but no good comes of vimen—to be ſure Miſs Elton, now, I don't believe ſhe'd be a pick-thank for all the vails in the country—but 'ſepting her—I don't believe, 'ſept my lady too, and ſept the two young ladies, there's no other voomen in all the ole varld that i'nt miſchief—all rotten at heart—and now, it's my belief, ſome how or t'other, they are going to vent ſome foul play or other here—rat me, if I be'nt always afeared venever I ſee vimen getting together, like black clouds before

before rain.—Ah, Sir, you and I owe our ruins to vimen."

"Well, ſaid Dellmore," ſmiling, "and we ſhall owe our happineſs to them, I hope."

"I ſhou'd be afeared of happineſs from a voman—beſides, Lord help us, how ſhou'd they make us happy, ven they vant ſenſe to be happy themſelves.

"There was that Lav— Orthodox now vy, who mought have been happier than ſhe, after ſhe had play'd your honour that ſly trick, only for to think *(in a half whiſper)* of this here very Lord, to be ſure it vas bad enough, that I muſt ſay, to have ſuch a formal old Grecian to keep in good humour, and to be ſure the very cats muſt know there was a Lord in the houſe, if puſs did but mew upon the ſtairs, Lord how his Lordſhip wou'd run on about rank, and dignity, and reſpect due, and honour conferred, and all that ſtuff and nonſenſe, ſuch as I ſhou'd be aſhamed to talk on; and yet they ſay the old Lord is a great ſcollard too."

"Could

"Could Lavinia then be happy?" aſked Dellmore.

"Why no, I can't ſay as how ſhe cou'd, but that was ſoon over—but then 'Squire Gab—I verily believe that man was richer than 'Squire Franklin; what a power of money we did uſe to ſpend—ſurely—ſurely—but all would not do for Miſs Lav—ſhe muſt be at her old tricks—there was ſhe gallopping away along of them there officers, that called her angel and goddeſs—and all manner of blaſtfeemus names—At laſt little Peg, a black-eyed wench that was hired ſame time as me—what does ſhe do, but, Egad ſhe told 'Squire Gab—and Egad what does he do but claps Peg up in a grand lodging, and leaves Miſs Lav—vell; and then Peg vanted me to come and live along we'ſhe—O dang it, thought I—No, no—One kept madam is quite enough for a Devonſhire lad. Howſever I thought I wou'd not leave my countrywoman in the lurch, among ſtrangers, ſo I adviſed her—ſays I, look'ye, ma'am, you have had a run of luck—Now, ſays I, my advice is this—

pack

pack up your alls—ſell your jo-ols, and march back to Ether, and I'll go along wi' you.—But Lord, as I ſaid, there's no dealing with vimen—tell them to go on their feet, o'whip goes they a top o'their heads.

"What does the feller mean? ſays ſhe—get out of my ſarvice.—O ma'm, ſays I, do'oſt put yourſelf in a paſſion—That's ſoon done—I only ſtaid out of honour.

"Honour! ſays Miſs Lav—oh, I'm ſick of honour," and, continued he, lolling out his tongue and grinning, "I noed that well enough.—Feller, *(mimicking)* here, take your vages and begone.

"So away I comed; and, Lord knows, I found it hard enow to get another place.—I thought I muſt write to mother at laſt for money to carry me home. Howſomever, I heard of this place—juſt for awhile—the footman being ſick o'the meaſles; and, Lord, I never ſhall forget finding your honour in the red bed."

Matthew was interrupted at this part of the diſcourſe by the return of Clara and Lady

Lady Selina, and Mat very unwillingly, on being ordered left the room.

You have in your countenance my lovely friend, ſaid Dellmore, a ſparkling intelligence that fills me at once with hope and fear; you have ſomething to ſay to me, ſome myſtery to develope—but let me only aſk you to repeat the bleſſed ſounds that ſtill vibrates on my ſenſes; are you yet ſingle and diſengaged? ſay but that and I ſhall be proof againſt fate.

Miſs Elton modeſtly ſaid ſhe was—and Lady Selina begged he wou'd not give way to too great an exertion of ſpirits, "you know," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "you are our relations.

"You honour me too much, madam," replied he, "" Oh Clara, Mrs. Dellmore, Lady Belvoir informed me, is her niece, and ſhe is ſo good as to pity me, on account of the misfortunes I derive from her, but who, or what *my* relations are, I ſhall, in all likelihood, never know, they may, Miſs Elton, be ſuch as my friends wou'd bluſh to acknowledge, poor venal

wretches who from mercenary motives might ſell their unhappy ſon."

"Ah, no, no, my beloved child, my own Auguſtus," cried Mrs. Burgeſs, whoſe eagerneſs no longer to be reſtrained, had brought to the apartment as he was concluding the laſt ſpeech, "ſon of my fond love—offspring of an adored noble huſband—thou, for whom I have mourned in unceaſing ſadneſs—for whom I have ſhed a deluge of tears—thou ſubject of my waking thoughts—of my ſleeping viſions of my morning and evening prayers—come at laſt to the arms of thy real mother, oh," continued ſhe, as ſhe preſſed him to her heart, "ſell thee, what price, where was a purchaſer to be found for ſuch a treaſure, what have been thy diſtreſſes, through what ſcenes haſt thou paſt, friendleſs and unknown—and how *art thou* now preſerved to bleſs my ſight, and give peace to my dying moments.

"I, I—" ſaid Mat, whoſe curioſity had fixed him within hearing, and who now ran on, "*I* can tell ye all about it, 'twas *I*, my

my lady, knows it, 'twas all *I*, you know I told you, my lady, when I found him as how—"

"Leave the room," ſaid Lady Belvoir, in diſpleaſure.

Mat muttered ſomething in which the word vimen, with no very agreeable aſpect was diſtinguiſhable—but was obliged again to leave the ſcene of action.

Dellmore fondly embraced by his mother, whoſe tears continued flowing, was loſt in wonder, the ſon of Mrs. Burgeſs, of the amiable Quaker, how could it be? Yet he recollected her emotions when ſhe told him of his reſemblance to a perſon ſhe loved.

Lady Belvoir tho' with more compoſure, felt little leſs than the fond mother, it was ſome time before ſhe could aſſume the ſolemn look of an expoſition on this occaſion —ſhe held a paper in her hand, and put on her ſpectacles, thoſe were inſtantly taken off again to be wiped, again and again they were tried—ſtill they were too miſty to ſee through.

"Come, madam," at laſt, ſaid ſhe, "you muſt not engroſs our Auguſtus, nor affect him too much, he is exceedingly weak."

"Oh, I forgot, he has been ill, my ſon, my ſon, *now*. I have gotten—*now* I hold thee to my breaſt, *even now*, I had forgotten the mother's part."

The young man was indeed almoſt lifeleſs, and his mother was reduced to the utmoſt miſery on ſeeing him ſo weak; he was removed to his apartment, where, while he was reſting his preturbed ſpirits, Mrs. Burgeſs retired with Lady Belvoir; Lady Selina related to Clara the means by which he had been kept by Providence under the roof of his grandfather.

When Henry left the doughty Mr. Trap's, he was in a ſtrong delirous fit, and it is ſuppoſed he had wandered about till night; that he then paſſed Lord Belvoir's, who as they had company every evening while the bride was in St. James's-ſquare, the hall door might be open.

One

One of Lord Belvoir's footmen had been taken, as Matt ſaid, with the meaſles, and it was not a practice with his Lady to double the misfortunes of human life, by diſcarding a ſervant, whoſe fault was the viſitation of God; ſhe therefore placed him with a proper nurſe, at her own expence, and Matthew lodging at a chandler's ſhop, near their mews, he was hired to ſupply the ſick ſervant's place.

The diſorder left the ſervant ſo weak, that her Ladyſhip very humanely ſent him back to Derbyſhire, to recover his ſtrength againſt her return, and continued honeſt Mat for the time of her ſtay in London.

Lord Belvoir, the bride and bridegroom, Lady Emily, Mr. and Mrs. Leveſage, and Miſs Creſpigney, were gone to the North, where they had now been ſeven weeks.

Lord Creſpigney's gentleman, being a perſon of conſequence, ſlept in a bed ſuperior to his fellow ſervants, and almoſt the laſt thing he gave in charge to Mat, was to ſet his things in order; but as it does not always happen, that commands given with

infinite pomp and grandeur, are obeyed with the more readineſs for the hauteur of the perſon, who delivers them, particularly if that perſon happens, as in the preſent caſe, to turn his back, ſo Mat, the inſtant Mr. Le Mercier was gone, curſt his French impudence; wondered who the devil made him maſter; and manfully ſwore he might clear his rubbiſh himſelf for him.

"Oh poh, fine talking," cried the houſe-maid, "you dare as well be hanged, as let him find a thing about."

"I don't like to hold arguments with women," ſaid Mat, "but if I wait on the vimen, may I be burned."

"I ſhall ſee," ſaid dolly ſneering.

"If I do I'll be burned."

"Well don't be in a pet, I know you will."

"Oh, to be ſure, Vimen are all very knowing in every body's buſineſs but their own."

"Go put away Mr. Le Mercier's things."

"I tell

"I tell you, I'll be burned if I do," ſaid Mat.

"Well, well, I ſhall clean the room out—but not a litter will I touch," cried Dorothy, "therefore take your own way; I know you'll be glad to do it before he comes home."

"I'll be burned if I do," ſtill anſwered Mat—and Mat, at that moment, certainly meant to keep his word.

But after a few days had paſſed, and the malicious Dorothy cleaned and ſhut up the room, Mat having a leiſure hour, thought he might as well go and ſee in what ſituation Monſieur's property ſtood; but Dolly, he was determined, ſhould not know it, ſo up ſtole Mat.

"Hey day," cried he, "what has ſhe not made the bed yet."—Mr. Le Mercier had been gone eight days. Mat advanced, "who the plague is got into Mounſheer's bed? ſome of the vimen, I dare ſay,"—he opened the ſhutters.

"Get the chaiſe ready, I am going to Scotland," ſaid a male voice from the bed.

Mat's hair ſtood an end.

" Give me a little water before I—— Ethereal brightneſs, where art thou!"

Dolly who had kept a ſtrict watch over Mat's motions, now peeped in, " what you won't put the Frenchman's rubbiſh away, Mr. Matthew."

" Oh Lord be praiſed, you are come, Mrs. Dolly, the vimen are the fitteſt perſons to deal with the devil," and he ſeized her.

" Hands off fellow, why ſure I am meat for your maſter," cried the enraged damſel, whom nevertheleſs Matthew kept hawling in till they reached the bed, where at ſight of a young man ſitting up undreſſed, his eyes in a wild ſtare, his lips black and parched and talking very faſt, they both ſet up a horrible ſcream, What's the matter—what's the matter from twenty mouths, all the ſervants puſhed into the room, at length Mat, who had ſtood ſpeechleſs burſt into tears.

" It is, it is," ſaid he, " my poor dear maſter, and he is mad, ah this comes of being a favorite of the vimen."

" Lord

"Lord have mercy upon us," cried Dorothy, if he is a madman he will kill us, what ſhall we do?"

"Send to the officer of the pariſh," anſwered the houſekeeper.

"Under favor Mrs. Mamalid that would not do for the la, the la, ſays,"—this was the coachman, he was orator of the horſe and groom alehouſe.

"Prithee hold thy tongue, don't prate of the law, but keep to the Goſpel, mind you your horſes," cried the cook, "we may loſe our lives and what's worſe, I dare for to ſay the law could not hang a madman, let's ſtay till night, and then turn him out."

At this part of the debate, Mat ſtole off.

Lady Belvoir and her daughter were without company, a humble rap with the knuckle, was anſwered with orders to enter.

Slowly opened the door till it was as wide as it would go, before Mat was in ſight.

"Well Matthew, what do you want?"

His

His face was covered with tears, he ſobb'd, "pleaſe, pleaſe you my lady".

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Pleaſe your lady, ladyſhip."

"Speak out man," ſaid Lady Belvoir.

"Pleaſe, pleaſe"—Mat could get no further.

Lady Belvoir's own man entered.

"Pleaſe your Ladyſhip, here is the oddeſt thing has happened, here's a madman, ſomehow got into Mr. Le Mercier's room, and is now in his bed.

Down dropped Mat on his knees, ſtill blubbering, oh, my lady, pray, for the love of God, don't turn him out till Mr. Franklin owns him, oh, he is the fineſt handſomeſt, beſt naturedeſt young man in the world, Mr. Franklin will be glad if ſo be as your ladyſhip will keep him, to pay all charge, and love and thank you into the bargain.

The unaffected ſorrow of the honeſt domeſtic excited Lady Belvoir's curioſity; ſhe found whoever the lunatic was, Matthew knew him, and indeed till the whole

matter

matter was explained, ſhe ſuſpected he had a hand in bringing him there, that ſhe went to Mr. Le Mercier's room, attended by her daughter.

The moment Lady Belvoir ſaw Dellmore ſhe was ſtruck with his reſemblance to her ſon, his youth and fine countenance filled her with compaſſion.

"Ethereal mildneſs, where art thou?" repeated the poor viſionary.

"Poor young man," cried the benevolent Counteſs, "he looks wild, indeed," approaching nearer to the bed, ſhe took his hand, the fever was then very violent, and the convulſive catchings in his arm ſoon explained the cauſe of the diſorder in his head, an apothecary was ſent for, a phyſician was called in, the patient went to bed, and was treated with the utmoſt care and tenderneſs.

Long was his life deſpaired of, ſlow and alarming was the approach of the dreadful criſis of his diſorder, of which, the doctors would not venture to ſpeak with hope; Mr. Franklin was written to, but Mr.

Franklin was not in England, Mat was directed particularly to attend the ſick room, which he conſtantly did, and Lady Belvoir whoſe ſoul was filled with every ſocial virtue, felt her natural benevolence particularly intereſted in his recovery.

Contrary to expectation and almoſt againſt hope, the criſis was favourable, the firſt object he knew, on the deliriums leaving him, was Mat.

His aſtoniſhment at this meeting may be ſuppoſed to be great; from him he underſtood in what manner he had been found at Lord Belvoir's, ſome confuſed ideas he had of leaving Trap's, but could not recollect how he came to St. James's Square.

The ladies found themſelves agreeably rewarded for their goodneſs, in the preſervation from death of ſo amiable a young man; and they were ſtill more pleaſed, when he gave them the outlines of his life, to find they had made ſome amends for the injury he had ſuffered from their near relation.

Mr. Montgomery, father to Mrs. Dellmore, was younger brother to Lady Belvoir, who

who had imperfectly heard a hiſtory of her niece, very little to her advantage, and the diſgrace her impoſtor brought on the family, had much leſſened Lady Belvoir's ſolicitude for her welfare, which want of power to aſſiſt any of her family, had brought to almoſt nothing.

But her compaſſion for young Dellmore had ſtrong ſupport in the particular likeneſs he bore her favourite ſon, the oftener ſhe ſaw him the more charmed ſhe was, and Lady Selina declared he was her very brother who had left England at near his age, and exactly his figure; the two ladies, indeed, vied with each other in their attention to him, and he was led by Lady Selina to pay this firſt viſit to her mother in her dreſſing room, where after chatting and walking up and down he had rather tired himſelf, and had dropped into that ſleep from which he was awakened to the joys of reciprocal love, with the choice of his heart, and to the tranſports of maternal tenderneſs.

The

The quiet of his apartment reſtored his ſpirits, and the dear mother, grand-mother and aunt, accompanied by the dearer Clara, hung in fondneſs over him; though grateful and affectionate to all, his eyes dwelt on Clara, and though forbid to ſpeak while Lady Belvoir and Mrs. Burgeſs held each a hand, he would repeat his juvenile obligations to the dear girl, whoſe conſcious bluſh and down-caſt eye ſpoke a ſilent and eloquent return, and at Lady Belvoir's requeſt it was from her lips he learnt the hiſtory of his father and mother.

Mr. Burgeſs, uneaſy at his wife's ſtay, called, and at her deſire was introduced; he heard with unaffected joy from the lips of his Rebecca, the happy change in her mind; he greatly liked Henry on his own account, but looking on him as the harbinger of returning health to his beloved wife, he embraced him with rapture, and reminded him of their accidental rencounter at the coffee-houſe.

Ill could the good Quaker brook a ſeparation for ever ſo ſhort a time from her ſon, but it was riſking a relapſe that might be fatal to move him, and her own health reminded her of the neceſſity of going home, although Lady Belvoir very preſſingly invited her ſtay, but as evening approached.

"Oh my friend, Belvoir," cried ſhe, "how can I forgive your barbarous niece; how many years have her cruelty kept from me the deareſt bleſſing of life, how many, perhaps, curtailed the natural length of my days; years have I prayed to be releaſed, *now* how ſhould I obey with reſignation a ſummons that would call me from ſuch a huſband, ſuch a ſon, preſenting each a hand."

"My dear, my honoured mother," anſwered her ſon, "why will you anticipate ſuch a dreadful event, ſurely the grateful affection of your Auguſtus will reſtore you to your good huſband to us all."

"I wiſh, I fervently wiſh it may, thou doſt not know how very ill I am; I have not

known

known health or peace ſince I loſt thee, thou art I fear reſtored to me too late, but thou wilt be my comfort as I paſs the ſolemn bounds of eternity, and I ſhall leave thee in poſſeſſion of all earthly happineſs;" with thoſe words and a fervent embrace ſhe departed, leaning on Clara and led by her huſband.

CHAPTER LX.

A Man of Gallantry's Reformation.

MRS. Burgeſs had not long left the houſe before Lord Belvoir, impatient to return to the arms of his miſtreſs, a girl of fifteen, arrived at his houſe, and was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment at ſeeing his lady cloſe by the ſide of a handſome young man, whoſe hand was affectionately graſped in hers, and on whom her eyes were fondly bent; to add to this ſurpriſe he

ſoon

ſoon recollected in the pale viſage of the youth the features of him, who he believed his rival in the favour of Lavinia Orthodox.

To be ſure, as Lord Belvoir found in his own diſpoſition ſuch a partiality for the riſing generation, it would have been but natural, had he made allowance for the ſame taſte in his lady; but far from that candid mode of conduct—he fiercely demanded Henry's buſineſs, and caſting a glance of contempt at his lady, told her he extremely admired her condeſcenſion.

Lady Belvoir had not the ſmalleſt idea of that depravity in her huſband that could ſuggeſt an impropriety in her conduct from her familiarity with her grandſon, and indeed, ſhe was ſo full of the relation ſhe had to make to her Lord, that the marks of diſapprobation viſible in his countenance, which in other circumſtances would have filled her with grief, were totally unobſerved; ſhe took his hand and with an engaging ſmile placed him on her otherſide, and immediately related to him the hiſtory of

Mrs.

Mrs. Burgeſs, mingling with the extraordinary incidents of her life thankſgivings for the preſervation of the ſon of her Auguſtus, and concluded her narration by putting the hand of our hero into that of his grand-father; "look my dear, Lord, in his face," cried ſhe, "behold our own Auguſtus reſtored to us, ſee in his blooming and manly countenance, the ſtamp of our race, his ſentiments breathes the unimpeached honour of our anceſtors, and the fire with which their ſouls were animated darts from his eyes, his form, his health, his bloom, unvitiated by iniquitous connections, without meaning to reflect on the land in which, by your Lordſhip's choice we live, may I not ſay, I truſt this youth was born to receive the dignity of our blood in dear native Ireland.

While Henry kneeled at the feet of his grand-father, almoſt the firſt idea that ſtruck his Lordſhip, was that his grandſon and himſelf had been cotemparies in the favours of a proſtitute; he muſt needs thought to have a prodigious reſpect for a pa-

a parent who adopts vices not to be excuſed in his grand children.

" Are you not tranſported, my dear Lord, at the recovery of ſo amiable a relation," aſked Lady Belvoir in a tune of tender reproach.

If Lord Belvoir had been at liberty to ſpeak his real ſentiments, they would not have expreſſed much joy, but on a further inveſtigation of the matter, and finding what ſplendid fortunes were likely to center in the houſe of Belvoir by means of his new found relation, he began to look on him with pleaſure, and before they parted in the evening Henry was much in his favour.

Lord Belvoir on retiring to his library did not feel quite ſo much at eaſe with himſelf as he had uſually done; if this young man ſhould tattle now, what would my Lady ſay? ſay, why ſhe would moſt probably ſay nothing, but what would be her thoughts?

A note lay on his writing table from Miſs Phebe Clark, the damſel of fifteen

who

who adored him ; it was a little crookedly directed and ill-ſpelt, but what of that, the pretty fingers that wrote it were neverthe-leſs enchanting. " Let me ſee," ſaid the noble Lord, " what the little angel ſays, if it were not for the conſideration I ought as a man of honour to have for her, this unexpected rencountre with my grandſon, would half reform me, and poſitively this girl ſhall be my laſt object of gallantry ;" his Lordſhip then broke the ſeal and read to his utter aſtoniſhment.

" Miſs Phebe Clarke, ſens complemens to Mr. gunſun, an his veri ſorree ſhe kant ſe him to nit. has the hold lard his cum hom han ſhi hiſpecs him, but if her deer gunſun wil cum to morra abot five a cloc the hold feler his alway hingaged at that tim."

The Mr. Jonſon, ſo highly in Miſs Phebe Clark's favour happened at that time to wear his Lordſhip's livery as under Butler to his ſon the prelate ; this perſon had twice been ſeen coming out of the innocent Miſs Phebe's lodgings, and being a per-

a perſon of rather an athletick make, it had given his Lordſhip a momentary alarm, but as he might be acquainted with the people of the houſe, and as Miſs Phebe Clark proteſted ſhe knew nothing of the young man, my Lord was ſatisfied, and Miſs rendered bold by ſucceſs gave way to her inclinations for Mr. gunſun, to whom ſhe had directed by miſtake a very tender billet, which ſhe deſigned for Lord Belvoir, and which for the benefit of thoſe readers who are unacquainted with that ſort of refined correſpondence, that to their credit be it ſpoken has more attractions for many married men of faſhion than the moſt elegant epiſtles from their well educated wives, *I* here tranſcribe:

mi deer deer deer lord

hi ham out of mi litel wit for goy that you har cum hom for hindeed hi hav bin in a nowree wile you was gon as monſeer and madam can tel, for wat as the world for mee wen you has not wi me ſo hopin

I ſhall

I ſhall ſe you to nit or hin the mornin at furdeſt I remane your lovin

PHEBE CLARK.

I have in the affair of Lavinia given an inſtance of the eaſe with which Lord Belvoir digeſted diſagreeable events in matters of gallantry, the truth is, he was a gambler without avarice, and a libertine without paſſion; he fancied himſelf a man of great gallantry, and did not chuſe to renounce that character although it had long renounced him; Miſs Phebe's note came at a period very unfavourable to his hobby horſical notions, the beaſt had been rode to death, and when he lay down to let his rider eaſily off, Lord Belvoir thought he had taken an heroical leap, he toſſed the unfortunate note into the fire and ſent Miſs Phebe, as was his conſtant cuſtom, her parting douceur.

"I will now poſitively reform and leave the women to themſelves," ſaid Lord Belvoir, as he put on his flannel wrappers and ſtepped into bed.

The

The next morning with the dawn Mrs. Burgeſs's ſervant was in St. James's ſquare, to enquire after her ſon, and he was rejoiced to hear ſhe was in much better health than ſhe had been for ſix months back; in the evening ſhe came to viſit him, but her look ſo ill accorded with returning health, and Clara as well as her huſband, both obſerving that her eagerneſs to ſee him had induced her to go out when ſhe was only fit for her chamber, Henry determined, after conſulting Lady Belvoir, rather to riſk a relapſe himſelf than ſuffer his mother's delicate frame to be expoſed to danger, and to her infinite joy he accompanied her home, attended by Matthew.

At Clapham, Clara Elton was his companion, and his fond mother, invalid as ſhe herſelf was, his nurſe; Mr. Burgeſs's affection naturally turned to the magnet that attracted his wife; never indeed was real ſimplicity of manners ſo delightfully blended with harmony and love, as in this happy circle.

In

In ſuch a ſituation, how could our hero fail to recover his health and ſtrength? a few days reſtored him to both.

Mr. Franklin, to whom he wrote, as ſoon as he diſcovered his family, was for the firſt time a murmurer at the diſpenſations of Providence, his ſoul was at Clapham with the dear circle, but his body was confined by an untimely fit of the gout, at Ether Manor, with a peeviſh diſcontented ſiſter and her cormorant companion, for Mr. Downe had not yet compleated the family buſineſs that carried him to town.

In the mean while Lord and Lady Creſpigney returned to London and Henry was introduced by the Earl, not only to him, but to every branch of the Belvoir family, among whom was Lady Margaret Macnamar, who diſguſted with the marriage of her other great nephew, and tired of the diviſion in her family, more eſpecially, as ſhe began to fancy nobody elſe cared for any thing about her but her money, took it into her head to be very fond of Auguſtus and Clara, on which account Lord

and

and Lady Creſpigney agreed he muſt be exceedingly ſly, and that Clara was a poor creeping thing; however, the preparations for their nuptials were in a ſtyle, notwithſtanding Mrs. Burgeſs's plain manner of living, that promiſed to make a conſiderable eclat in the Belvoir family.

But as there is no perfect happineſs in this life, our hero had not yet arrived to that ſummit which mortals in vain aſpire after.

He was reading to Clara, one fine morning, when Mr. Montgomery was announced; his ſable habit and ſerious countenance told the fate of the unhappy Mrs. Neſbit, who died before the packet, in which ſhe took her paſſage, reached the Bay of Biſcay and he waited on Clara with a copy of her will, in which ſhe had made the diſpoſition of her fortune ſhe promiſed in her letter.

The young pair dropped a tear to her memory, and the two friends embraced with a joy chaſtened by the concern an affectionate brother felt for the loſs of a beloved ſiſter.

Montgomery made his firſt viſit very ſhort, but engaged ſoon to repeat it, which he did within two days, when Miſs Gab became the ſubject of their converſation; the young ſailor wiſhed to aſk her of her father, but ſomehow or other he felt queeriſh, "and—and in ſhort, Henry," ſaid he, "I wiſh you wou'd do it for me, though 'faith I have very faint hopes of ſucceeding."—"Oh," anſwered Henry, "never fear man, why you are nephew to a Counteſs, and couſin to a Lord; it is not in nature for my old friend Mrs. Gab to refuſe a ſon-in-law ſo allied, and as to her huſband, I believe I have ſome little ſecret influence there; we will prevail on Lady Belvoir to take us in her coach; and, my life for it, the coronet does the buſineſs."

Lady Belvoir was the relation who ſent Montgomery to ſea with Captain Eſſence; and the ſhameful conduct of his elder brother and ſiſter had rendered her leſs incredulous, reſpecting the ill qualities his Captain imputed to him, than ſhe would otherwiſe

otherwiſe have been: indeed ſhe conſidered that part of her family as a diſgrace, and wiſhed to forget they exiſted. But the worth of Montgomery, when atteſted by her favourite grandſon, was no ſooner known than ſhe received him to her friendſhip and affection, and very readily undertook to pay the viſit at Dowgate-hill.

Lady Creſpigney very ſeldom now entered the city, but having been this day at court, and much admired, was in ſuch high good humour with herſelf, that ſhe kindly reſolved to go to Dowgate-hill before ſhe undreſſed, on purpoſe to plague Mrs. Gab.

CHAPTER LXI.

Shewing how a young Man may make his Fortune.

LADY Creſpigney found Mrs. Gab in her drawing room, elegantly dreſſed, and in high ſpirits; her ſon, Captain, or more

properly Cornet Gab, was, as *he* ſaid—and as we have endeavoured to convince our readers, a man of high ton; he was, indeed, as much deſpiſed as any fair faced, fine dreſſed, emaciated young officer, who had gone through all the hard duty in the environs of St. James's Park, could poſſibly be; he was, he told his Ma, acquainted with all the young bucks of quality; but nothing new to the Captain, he fib'd—for to ſay the truth, there are a ſet of young men of quality, who now grace the Britiſh nation, whoſe actions promiſe to retrieve the credit their elders have loſt, by, at leaſt, convincing the world, the diſtinction of ſexes yet remained among us; a matter the Mr. Gab's of the age have rendered extremely doubtful, and as nothing can be more hateful to a real manly ſpirit than the affectation of effiminacy, and theſe other nothings, that conſtitute the no-character of a modern beau, Mr. Gab was as little eſteemed by the men, a few only excepted, of his own ſtamp, as he was beloved by the women; he had a

Sig-

Signora, and that Signora had a number of very good friends among her countrymen and women, who teſtified attachment to her, by conſtantly viſiting her, inſomuch that notwithſtanding Mr. Gab's genteel allowance, his commiſſion and frequent demands on Ma's purſe, the Captain often found himſelf at a loſs for ways and means; and feeling more fear than love for the enchanting Signora, he had lately turned his ideas towards women in the way of marriage.

At a maſquerade, he was ſo fortunate as to be ſingled out by a very fine figure in the habit of a nun, who having firſt known from himſelf who, and what he was, condeſcended to inform him, ſhe was daughter to a deceaſed nobleman in the North, who had left her under the guardianſhip of an uncle, from whom ſhe had eloped to avoid a marriage with his ſon, a perſon ſhe deteſted, and that for fear of a diſcovery ſhe was obliged to live very private.

My fortune is made, thought Cornet Gab, and he became violently in love with Lady Vina.

The acquaintance ſo auſpiciouſly began, was carried on with wonderful caution and privacy (his Ma being the Cornet's confidante) for one month, when the enamoured pair were united by banns, and Lady Vina Gab was paying her firſt viſit to her huſband's mother, on the evening Lady Creſpigney, out of her extreme good-nature, exhibited her ſplendor on Dowgate-hill.

Mrs. Gab begged leave to interdooſe her daughter-in-law, the Right Honourable Lady Vina Gab, a North Country perſon of quality, who had fallen in love with the Captain, her ſon then preſent.

Lady Creſpigney eyed the bride with a true faſhionable ſtare; ſuch a one, as few young brides could have withſtood; and as Lady Vina Gab returned look for look, without the leaſt embarraſſment on her features, Lady Creſpigney thought the thing might be. This important matter was hardly over when a thundering rap at the door ſet Mrs. Gab in a violent flutter, and ſhe was near fainting with joy and ſurpriſe,

priſe at hearing Lady Belvoir, Mr. Macnamar and Mr. Montgomery announced; Lady Creſpigney was ſhocked that her mother-in-law ſhould detect her in ſuch low company, and Lady Vina actually bluſhed.

"I have taken the liberty, Mrs. Gab," ſaid the venerable Counteſs, "to wait on you for the ſole purpoſe of introducing to you, my nephew, Mr. Montgomery."

Sophia ſat trembling on the ſopha, and Lady Creſpigney advanced to make her curtſey, "ſhe hoped her Ladyſhip was well to-day," and retreated to her ſeat to examine her complexion in her pocket glaſs.

"My ſtars, my Lady, why ſure you mean for to joke; why lord, is not that there the ſailor man, that came here to enquire after ——?"

"Me, I preſume, madam," ſaid our hero, bowing as he advanced.

Mrs. Gab coloured, "I wonder Miſter Conway, or whatever your name is, you have the aſſurance"—"Hold Mrs. Gab," interrupted the Counteſs, "here have

been ſome miſtakes, which I beg you will give me leave to rectify; permit me to have half an hour's chat with you in another apartment."

"To be ſure, my Lady, if you deſire it; but, indeed, that low vulgar feller—"

"Is my grand-ſon," ſaid the Counteſs, very ſeriouſly, "come, madam, let me follow you into the next room, you will thereby ſave yourſelf many apologies."

"Your Ladyſhip ſurpriſes me—your grand-ſon! But give me leave to interdooſe my daughter, Lady Vina Gab—my ſon Captain Gab—"

Henry was paying his reſpects to Lady Creſpigney, and the *modeſt* Montgomery had found his way to the ſopha, where Miſs Gab was ſitting; ſo that Lady Vina Gab had been overlooked, but the pompous manner in which ſhe was mentioned by her huſband's mother engaged their notice.

"My God," cried our hero—"Lavinia Orthodox"—It was that identical Lady, who had impoſed herſelf on the noble

Captain

Captain for a Northern heireſs, and actually in that character had drawn him into a marriage with her.

"The ſame, Mr. Dellmore," anſwered ſhe, with a non-chalance that honoured her experience.

"How is that?" cried Mrs. Gab. "Are you not then a Lady?"

"No, madam, nor an heireſs," anſwered Lavinia, "but *your* ſon's lawful wife, and *your* dutiful daughter."

"Out of my houſe, thou cheat, thou ——," cried the enraged Mrs. Gab. "It is only another miſtake," ſaid the Counteſs, mildly. "Come madam, be patient, indulge me with the requeſted interview."

"Oh!" ſaid the mortified Mrs. Gab," "I am ruined, my ſon is ruined, and we are all ruined."

"As to that, Mrs. Gab," ſaid the undaunted Lavinia, "Mr. Dellmore can inform you, Lavinia Orthodox, is, at leaſt, an equal match for Cornet Gab, and if you have a mind to encourage me, I may, poſſibly, make him a good wife; he cannot

get into worſe hands than thoſe from which I took him; but if *you* and *he* chuſe to reject me, I need not, I preſume, inform you, I muſt be maintained. Come, ſir, will you follow me, or ſtay with your mother?"

The Captain heſitated, and the Lady flounced out of the room. He looked round and met the eyes of our hero; he recollected certain money tranſactions; he heard his mother rave; he figured to himſelf the rage of the Signora, and he thought proper to follow his ſpouſe.

After one half hour's retirement with the Counteſs, Mrs. Gab returned to the company. Whether it was owing to the Lady's wiſe arguments, or whether Mrs. Gab ſecretly comforted herſelf, in the idea of the quality connexions, her daughter's marriage with Montgomery would enſure, remains to be determined; be the cauſe what it would, the effect was truly ſurpriſing, for ſhe returned to the company without a ſingle trace of vexation on her countenance, and full of an invitation Lady Belvoir had given her to bring Mr. Gab

and

and her daughter to dine with her the next day.

Mr. Gab, who had been at Bath on account of ſome diſorders to which he was ſubject, was that evening expected home, and his good Lady meaning, without doubt, an agreeable ſurpriſe for her ſpouſe, intended to have introduced to him his ſon's wife, on his return home; but as matters had turned out, it was not a very agreeable office to acquaint him with the part *ſhe* had herſelf taken in her ſon's marriage; ſhe therefore left to Sophia the unpleaſing narration, and when that was concluded, gave herſelf the particulars of Lady Belvoir's viſit, and with great ſatisfaction adverted to the grandeur of thoſe proſpects that were opening for Sophia.

Fond as Mr. Gab was of Sophia, the change in her mother's ſentiments towards her children, as ſhe now ſpoke in terms of the ſtrongeſt contempt for her ſon, and in the moſt extravagant ſtyle of the perfections of her daughter, he could not help feeling concern to hear of his ſon's mar-

riage, and the cheat put upon him, and *by whom.*

Captain Gab ſhared very little of his father's affection; but, nevertheleſs, his being united for life to a common woman—one he had himſelf kept, ſhocked him extremely. To reflect on his wife for conniving at a clandeſtine marriage, was to war with the elements; and to talk of honour and integrity was ſpeaking a language ſhe would not underſtand; he therefore ſilently reproached himſelf for his connexion with Lavinia, and forebore to arraign the conduct of his wife.

The vexation he could not help feeling, rendered him very unfit for the grand viſit, which kept his wife awake moſt part of the night; but *ſhe begged* and *prayed*—and Sophia too, contrary to her uſual cuſtom, gave *her* unaſked opinion—ſhe thought her papa's not going would look very odd, as Lady Belvoir had honoured them with ſo preſſing an invitation.

"Well, Sophia," ſaid the fond father, "I ſee you like this young fellow, and as I would

I would give half my fortune to make you happy, I'll go—but your brother and his wife ſticks in my gizzard, I can tell you that."

"If Sophia marries Lady Belvoir's nephew," anſwered Mrs. Gab, bridling, "my advice is, to ſettle an annuity on the degenerate feller, and ſend them in the country, where they may not diſgrace the family."

"What—given up your ſon, already."

"Poh, poh, Mr. Gab, you are always talking of nonſenſe—now, pray dreſs yourſelf decently. Come, Sophy, my dear, your hair-dreſſer waits."

The important article of dreſs being over, the Gab family were ſet down at the Earl of Belvoir's, where Mr. and Mrs. Gab gave their full conſent to the union of Mr. Montgomery and their daughter, and the nuptials of our hero and Clara were appointed for the ſame day; but, as I before ſaid, the uncertainty of human events protracted the latter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Burgeſs's inward dejection, the grief and anxiety of her mind, and total deprivation of thoſe delights ſhe beheld other mother's enjoy in maternal care and filial love, had many years been undermining her conſtitution; and the further ſhock to her new revived hopes in the apprehenſion of his death in ſo deplorable a ſituation, after ſhe had received certain information that our hero was her ſon, completed her fate.

A deep decline, into which the anguiſh of her mind had thrown her, could not be removed by the happy recovery of her ſon, and ſo extremely delicate was her conſtitution, that joy, unalloyed joy, had nearly as fatal an effect on her nerves, and was attended with the ſame baneful conſequences, ſhe had before ſuffered from grief.

"I am better, my Auguſtus; thou haſt removed ſorrow from my heart, and in thy preſence I feel no bodily pain." This was the dying mother's anſwer to her ſon's daily

daily enquiries. But, alas! the languid flush that at times overspread her benign countenance was the hectic fever that attends the last stage of a consumption, and the animated beams that shot from her eyes were the harbingers of the seraphic peace to which her soul was aspiring; and her dissolution was rapidly approaching, when her fond husband, and affectionate son, were flattering themselves she was as rapidly recovering.

She had been in remarkable good spirits, and settling with Mr. Burgess how her own fortune, which he insisted on giving her son, should be disposed of most to his advantage, when seized with a sudden pain in her stomach, she sunk into her husband's arms.

"I believe I am dying," said she, the cold sweat standing on her forehead.

"God forbid," cried her son.

"Fly for Doctor Littleton," said the affrighted husband.

"Stay, my dear husband—be not alarmed, my beloved son, *I know I am dying*," said

ſaid the expiring ſaint—"All human aid is ineffectual; Clara, my amiable young friend, bleſs my Auguſtus, and let your united duty to this good man, end only with your lives; perhaps it was ſelfiſh, perhaps it was, in ſome degree, cruel to you, my dear friends, I could not, though I knew the fiat that determines my exiſtence was paſt, deprive myſelf of the comfort of ſeeing you happy.

"You would not have been ſo, had you ſuſpected my end was ſo near.

"We part but to meet, where no worldly evil, no deſigns of the wicked can reach us.

"Daniel, thou wilt aſſuredly be among the choſen of our pure God; my regrets at parting with thee, are, therefore, but temporary, we have lived together as free from ſin as it was in the power of corrupted nature to do—thou wilt lament thy Rebecca for a time, but thou wilt then rejoice in her releaſement—for *thee*, my ſon, for *thee*—"Clara, what ſays thy favourite poet? I hope I do not ſin in remembering it at this awful

awful moment"—and fixing her languid eyes on her ſon, while a tear dropped on his hand—

" For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away."

When, after a pauſe, rendered more affecting from the pain ſhe viſibly felt—

" No dire diſeaſe bereaved me of thy breath,
" *Thou, thou* my ſon, wer't my *diſeaſe* and
" *death.*
" Unkindly with my love, my ſon conſpir'd,
" For *thee I liv'd*, for abſent *thee expir'd.*

" Is that right, my gentle Clara? Oh! my Auguſtus, muſt I indeed, muſt I leave thee, but promiſe thou wilt never forſake the paths of the upright! Thou haſt, it is true, been trained up in a faith contrary to mine, but true chriſtian principles are the ſame among all the ſects that worſhip one God, and look with hope to one Redeemer: when thy heart is aſſailed by vanity, *then* recollect the purity and ſimplicity, the robe of innocence in which thy mother met her God.

" Grieve

"Grieve not, my beloved"—her voice failed her, ſhe ſunk into thoſe weak faintings to which ſhe was ſubject, and expired without uttering another word.

CHAPTER LXII.

Return to Ether, and Concluſion.

IT was now, for the firſt time, that our hero felt natural ſorrow, and he retired to vent thoſe tears in ſolitude which unavailingly burſt from a heart rent with filial love.

Lady Belvoir would have prevailed on him to go with them to Derbyſhire, but no conſideration could induce him to leave Mr. Burgeſs. As to Clara, delicacy required ſhe ſhould remove from the houſe where her lover dwelt, and where ſhe had no female protection. She ſent for Jemima, and immediately ſet off for the manor.

Mr. Franklin had been again confined with the gout; but, as ſoon as Clara told her melan-

melancholy tale, he went to London to comfort his friends, and prevailed on Mr. Burgeſs to leave the ſcene of his ſorrow, and return with him to Ether. And our hero, when the laſt ſad reſpect was paid his mother, wanted no perſuaſion to attend his beloved benefactor, and to follow his Clara. He took leave of the Belvoir family, who were preparing to go to their reſpective country ſeats, all but Lady Margaret, who told Mr. Franklin ſhe meant to ſet her cap at him, and would viſit the manor in the courſe of the ſummer.

When Henry ſaw Ether Manor, "Oh, my dear benefactor," cried he, "how many times, ſince I left this beloved ſpot, have I thought

"To ſee the ſmoke from this loved palace
"riſe,
"While the dear vale in diſtant proſpect lies,
"With what contentment could I cloſe my
"eyes."

"And here, my friend, in your own manſion, may they be cloſed," ſaid Mr. Franklin emphatically.

Mrs.

Mrs. Downe, having heard ſome flying reports of her huſband, was ſet out for London, perhaps purpoſely chooſing a different rout from that ſhe knew her brother and his party would travel, the ſame day they arrived at the manor.

On this occaſion, Mrs. Hudſon, at the Buck's-head, who ſtill maintained her ground in the 'Squire's good graces, without (as ſhe affirmed) the remoteſt idea of currying favour, but merely in reſpect to the honorable 'Squire Macnamara, to whom her ſon Mat was now gentleman out of livery, roaſted a whole ox, made a quantity of puddings, and gave away as much ale of her own brewing as the villagers would drink; for which, a matter not, as ſhe ſaid, ſuſpected by her, Mr. Franklin paid her double the value; the ringers rang double peals, the colours were hoiſted on the church, and an univerſal jubilee took place over the whole vale of Ether.

Mr. and Mrs. Orthodox were, according to ancient cuſtom, in waiting; but Mrs. Cadogan, while her heart ſprang almoſt

out

out of her boſom, and a flood of joyous drops flowed from her eyes, ſat at home in her own little dwelling, till the impatient meſſage, requeſting her immediate company at the Manor, reached her.

Clara threw herſelf into the good woman's arms. Now, Mrs. Cadogan, now my worthy friend, you may congratulate your Clara, my Auguſtus is here—he is well—and we part no more.

Mr. Orthodox preſented Mr. Macnamar with a Latin ode, on the joyful event of his return to the manor, in which was an equal quantity of ſincerity and common ſenſe, which was civilly accepted nevertheleſs.

After a few days paſſed with the utmoſt pleaſure to Mr. Franklin, in viſiting the walks and places, heretofore rendered delightful by the company of his young friend, the latter began to murmur at the delay cuſtom required ſhould be made to his marriage, on account of their mourning.

"As if," ſaid he, "it were not enough, that I have loſt my beloved mother, but *that* misfortune muſt be aggravated by my being deprived of the poſſeſſion of my Clara."

Clara bluſhed. "It muſt be, Auguſtus."

"I feel it muſt, my angel."

"What muſt be?" ſaid Lady Margaret Macnamara, who unexpectedly entered the ſaloon at that moment, "I am obliged to go to Scotland on ſome private buſineſs, and I have reſolved to ſee you two made one before I leave England. You, Auguſtus ſhall be my heir; and you, Clara, are the beſt girl I ever knew. I have been myſelf the ſlave of form all my life-time, and I have lived long enough in the world to know I have exchanged ſubſtance for air, my pride will not now enliven one ſolitary hour, nor have all the forms I have ſo ſtrictly adhered to, procured me one diſintereſted friend; I therefore adviſe, nay, I command you to be happy as ſoon, and to remain ſo as long as you can.

"You,

"You, Auguſtus, have loſt your mother, a very good woman ſhe undoubtedly was; but you, Clara, ſhould for that reaſon think how incumbent it is on you to comfort him, by giving him another boſom friend in the room of her he has loſt."

"Dear madam," ſaid Clara, "a few months"—"You talk like a child," interruped Lady Margaret, "look back, how many more ſurpriſing events than ſeparating you for ever, have happened within your own knowledge in the laſt few months."

Auguſtus ſhuddered, he enfolded her in his arms.

They were then joined by Mr. Franklin and Mr. Burgeſs, and on *their* being appealed to, the opinion of the latter decided the matter.

"If," ſaid he, "the ſpirits of the juſt made perfect could look down on imperfect mortals; if my Rebecea were here, to that exact purpoſe would her reaſoning be; I am the real mourner for the partner of my ſoul; I ſhould conſider the moſt

diſtant

diſtant thought of levity, as an injury to her memory; but I could witneſs thy eſpouſals, to this damſel with joy, becauſe were ſhe now in exiſtence I know it would be my Rebecca's joy alſo."

I might here have added two or three Chapters, by giving every particular of the wedding, and a deſcription of the dreſſes, jewels, and equipage; and to thoſe, I might alſo have added, how one half of the world envied the bride, while the other were burſting with the ſame agreeable ſenſation towards the huſband; and ſo on, contrived to end my hiſtory in the act of employing all mankind; but, I think, and ſo poſſibly will their honours the Reviewers, that the book is quite long enough, already, more eſpecially as without thoſe auxiliaries there might be a vaſt deal more ſaid on many of the weighty matters, on which it has ſo judiciouſly treated, particularly Juvenile Indiſcretions; but as that is a ſubject, which like a ſnow-ball gathers as it rolls, I ſhall only beg the readers patience while I take a decent leave of the

reſt

reſt of the characters who have figured in the courſe of this hiſtory, and firſt, to begin with the church.

Doctor Orthodox lived to Shakſpeare's ſeventh age.

" Second childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion.
" Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing."

And he died rich, when two things followed which the reader will expect, one was a diviſion of his wealth, between his wife and two daughters, and the other a preſentation of the living of Ether to Mr. Cadogan; but I ſhould have firſt told my reader, that that ſtupid being returned from Eldorado, without a ſingle red ſheep, or pebble of the country; in other words, he returned from India juſt as poor as when he left England; and what is yet ſtranger, Capt. Manly landed on Britiſh ground much in the ſame predicament; the matter was, they were not of the right ſort to accumulate wealth in India; but Mr. Maçnamara got the Captain into the Houſe of Commons, where, as he could talk pretty loud, and tolera-

bly faſt, and withal could make a graceful uſe of his hands, as figures in rhetoric, he obtained the monſtrous reward for his in and out door ſervices, of a Colonel of the Marines.

Mrs. Cadogan was Mrs. Macnamara's friend and confidante to the end of the chapter.

Lord Belvoir left London and the ladies of the town, to the infinite regret of many a ſmart fellow, who kept a girl at his Lordſhip's expence; but the thing was not to be avoided, as he was called on to ſettle a few trifling matters in another world, juſt as he had found out he had forſaken the noble ſyſtem of gallantry, a year or two before it was neceſſary, and had actually entered into a treaty with a farmer's daughter, for the purpoſe of again indulging his *dear penchant* for intrigue.

Lady Belvoir and her two daughters, are actual characters, however heterogeneous ſome people may think them.

Lord and Lady Creſpigney are one of the happieſt pairs in the world, that is they

they are high ton and politely hate each other.

Lady Margaret Macnamara lived to adopt Mr. Macnamara's eldeſt ſon, but ſhe left him her large fortune, on condition of his reſiding at a ſeat ſhe built on the banks of Killarney, and ſhe gave her fine houſe in Dublin to Clara, on the ſame condition; ſo that notwithſtanding their Engliſh poſſeſſions, Mr. Macnamara's family live half their time in Ireland.

Captain Gab and Lavinia live as a beau of the guards and a belle of the town may be expected to live; they quarrel, drink and ſwear one hour, and the next are as amorous as doves. Mr. Gab ſettled his ſon's fortune in ſuch a manner on him, that he can only receive it quarterly, otherwiſe we might have added poverty to this account, as Captain Gab, as well as his fair ſpouſe, has ſuch an agreeable manner of diſſipating ready money, that the few thouſands ſhe received as her ſhare of her father's fortune, made a quick tranſition from the noble Captain's purſe, into thoſe

of their numerous friends and acquaintances in a very ſhort time.

Mr. Gab died ſoon after his daughter's marrriage, and Mr. Peter Martin having procured a riſe in the office, by the intereſt of Mr. Montgomery, who was applied to by Mrs. Gab on that occaſion, had the good fortune to prevail on the rich widow to accept his hand, and a wonderful happy couple are Peter Martin, Eſq, aged 25, and Mrs. Gab that was, Mrs. Martin that is, aged 58; it is indeed, ſaid, that the Lady does not deſpair of having the *Sir* added to her huſband's Peter.

Jemima married Enſign Wells, and her huſband being comfortably ſettled, as ſteward to the ſquire in the room of old Downe, who in imitation of his betters, reſigned his place, when he ſuſpected he ſhould be turned out, ſhe had the felicity to be the fineſt lady in the village, and leads the faſhions in Ether to this day, and her mother and ſiſter continue to educate

cate young ladies, for the benefit of the riſing generation.

Mr. Puffardo is the great man of the little place, where he condeſcends to reſide, and his wife, to his extreme mortification, ſtill lives the moſt notable dame in the pariſh.

Billy Holcomb is returned to Jamaica, where, as he was not found adequate to the profeſſion of the law, he acts as clerk, or ſtore-keeper to his parents, whoſe buſineſs is now in a very proſperous way, and there is little doubt but the family will be able in a few years to return to their native country in great ſplendour; Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, as well as their ſon, being particularly well qualified to ſhine in the great world.

Mrs. Downe, having diſcovered that Mr. Downe had a tendre for a town damſel, not ſtrictly conſiſtent with the nuptial vow, inſiſted on a ſeparation, to which Mr. Downe thought proper to demur, till the ſquire ſettled an annuity on him for his life, when he made one bow ſerve his wife and miſtreſs, and left England a gentleman at large.

Mrs.

Mrs. Downe now in the centre of politics, is employed in writing againſt monarchy, in defence of ariſtocracy, and it is rumoured ſhe means to viſit America, the fame of her talents having reached the wiſe body of people there, who, it is ſaid, wiſh to have the aſſiſtance of the learned Mrs. Downe, in framing a certain code of laws for the uſe of the common-wealth.

Sophia is a counterpart of Clara, and Montgomery a genuine Britiſh ſeaman and an Iriſh gentleman; what more can language add in his praiſe? The ſtricteſt intimacy ſtill ſubſiſts between him and his friend, and the ſimilarity of their ladies diſpoſitions unites them in undeviating affection.

Mr. Oldham's family continues to be patronized by Mrs. Macnamara's family, friends, and connections.

Janet, handſomely provided for by Mrs. Neſbit, is queen of her company in dear little Ireland, and proteſts againſt a third marriage, except ſhe could be he ſhoor auld Mac was hanged, and a Dublin lad wou'd offer to ſucceed him.

Mr.

Mr. Burgeſs and Mr. Franklin continued their cordial intercourſe while they lived; and they were gathered to their fore-fathers before they arrived at the *ſeventh* age. Mr. Franklin ſettled a handſome annuity on his ſiſter and left a few legacies to his friends, among whom, the landlady of the Buck's Head was not forgotten; but the bulk of his fortune, as well as that of Mr. Burgeſs, they bequeathed to Mr. Macnamara, who from the various accumulations of wealth that centered in him and his lovely wife, is accounted one of the richeſt commoners in England or Ireland; he regularly ſpends a year alternately in each kingdom, and is one of the very few gentlemen, now exiſting, whoſe attachment to both countries is equal, and whoſe political opinions are, that the ſtricter their union, the greater glory.

The whole tenor of Mr. Macnamara's life has in it a proper degree of that ſpirit and dignity that diſtinguiſhes the Belvoir and Montgomery family, blended with the pure and humble virtues of his mother; every thing about him has an air of grandeur

deur and magnificence, that proclaims the real man of faſhion; but he deſpiſed ſhew and oſtentation; he has been offered a title that has lain dormant in his family, but he prefers the private poſt of honour, and is content to be called an honeſt man; he is a tender and polite huſband, a fond father, and a zealous and ſteady friend; the dictates of his conſcience are laws by which he is governed, and as that would ſeverely reproach him, if his dying mother's injunctions were forgotten, there can be no doubt but he is a moral, and though not a zealot, a religious man.

He is bleſt with a large family of fine children, whoſe education both himſelf and Mrs. Macnamara perſonally ſuperintend, being convinced from their own experience, that to train up a child in the way he ſhould go, is the ſureſt preſervative from

JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

FINIS.

6 MA 65

Juſt publiſhed, by the ſame Author,
ANNA: Or, The WELCH HEIRESS.
In Four Volumes, 12mo. Price Twelve Shillings.